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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

UPON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

LEWIS V. BOGY

LATE A SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

DECEMBER 10TH AND 23RD, 1873.

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ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

LEWIS V. BOGY,

(A SENATOR FROM MISSOURI,)

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE JANUARY 16, 1878,

AND IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES JANUARY 23, 1878.

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PROCEEDINGS

IN THE

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. COCKRELL. Mr. President, according to notice previously given, it now becomes my sad duty formally to announce to the Senate the death of my late colleague, Hon. LEWIS VITAL BOGY, and to ask of the Senate the present consideration of the following resolutions as a mark of respect to his memory:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. LEWIS V. BOGY, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of Hon. LEWIS V. BOGY, the business of the Senate be now suspended, that his former associates may pay proper tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the members of the Senate will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF LEWIS V. BOGY.

Address of Mr. COCKRELL, of Missouri.

Mr. PRESIDENT: At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of September 20, 1877, at his family residence, in the city of Saint Louis, surrounded by his loving, weeping family and devoted, grief-stricken friends, Hon. LEWIS VITAL BOGY, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, departed this life, calmly, painlessly, and in the possession of all his faculties, thus yielding another victory to death, the conquering hero of the human family.

Again is manifested infallible proof of the truth of the divinely inspired words, "It is appointed unto men once to die."

LEWIS VITAL BOGY was born on the 9th day of April, in the year 1813, in Sainte Genevieve, now in Sainte Genevieve County, Missouri, and was a descendant of the early French pioneers who came to that region of country when it belonged to France.

His father, Joseph Bogy, was born in Kaskaskia, Illinois, and removed to the then Missouri Territory in 1805, and settled in Sainte Genevieve, then an important town, and married Marie Beauvais, the daughter of Vital Beauvais, and mother of LEWIS VITAL BOGY.

Mr. Joseph Bogy was private secretary to Governor Morales under the Spanish dominion over that country, and when Missouri was organized as a Territory became a member of the territorial Legislature, and after Missouri was admitted as a State in the Union became a member of the State Legislature and filled many other positions of trust and confidence.

In the early youth of LEWIS V. BOGY the French was the language spoken by all the inhabitants of his town, and educational advantages were very limited. Very few persons of this day, born and reared under our present well-organized and widely-spread system of public schools, academies, colleges and universities everywhere accessible, can realize or appreciate the many obstacles and inconveniences which then beset the pathway and frustrated the efforts of the youth to obtain an education. Under innumerable difficulties and disadvantages LEWIS V. BOGY prosecuted his education in such schools as were then accessible in that new country, manifesting that indomitable will and perseverance which yield to no obstacles however formidable. About 1822 he attended a school in his native town taught by John D. Grafton, from Connecticut. He was then sent to a Catholic school in Perryville, now in Perry County, Missouri, taught by a Swiss, where he remained until attacked by a "white swelling" which confined him to his bed for some eighteen months. He was skillfully treated by Dr. Lewis F. Linn, afterward United States Senator from Missouri, who died on October 31, 1843, while Senator. Dr. Linn was a Senator in the same line or class in which Mr. BOGY afterward became a Senator.

During this confinement he read constantly, and thus made rapid progress. He was afterward a clerk in a store at a salary of $200 per year, under a contract to take out in trade one-half of that salary. By frugality in his habits and economy in expenditure he

managed to purchase books and study elementary law, and begin the study of Latin. On January 16, 1832, a young man, with limited education and means, he left his home under charge of Mr. William Shannon, an old friend of his father, to go to Kaskaskia, Illinois, to read law in the office of the late Judge Nathaniel Pope, judge of the United States district court.

At or prior to this time he had formed the determination to continue the study of law and to return to his native State to practice and to qualify himself to become United States Senator from his native State, and to work for this position until he became sixty years old. This determination was communicated to his mother in a letter dated January 16, 1832. He lived to attain the goal of his laudable ambition a few months before the end of his sixtieth year. He studied law under Judge Pope till May, 1832. He then volunteered as a private soldier in the war with the Indians, known as the Black Hawk war, and participated in two hotly contested engagements. Having served faithfully and gallantly to the close of that war, he returned to Kaskaskia and continued his study of law. In 1833 he became a student in the law school at Lexington, Kentucky, from which he graduated in 1835, with the highest encomiums, having devoted himself to his studies with the most assiduous attention.

On April 1, 1835, he located in Saint Louis and opened a law office and began his professional career.

By diligent and close attention to business, and earnest application to study, he soon won distinction and eminence in his profession and secured a lucrative practice.

In 1840 he was elected a member of the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, and, although among the youngest members, if not the youngest, he was an efficient and useful member and

served with distinction. In 1849, having acquired large means by his profession, he removed to his native county, Sainte Genevieve, and was the anti-Benton democratic candidate for the Legislature and was defeated.

Colonel Benton, having failed to secure his re-election to the United States Senate at the next congressional election in 1852, announced himself a candidate for Representative in Congress. LEWIS V. BOGY was nominated as his opponent, and although defeated acquired prestige from his contest with the great Senator, and at the succeeding election in 1854 was elected a member of the General Assembly from his native county and served with marked ability and distinction. In 1863, having returned to Saint Louis, he was the democratic candidate for Congress against the late Senator Francis P. Blair, jr., and Samuel Knox, and was defeated.

In 1867 he was appointed by the late President Andrew Johnson Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and discharged the duties with signal ability and fidelity for about six months, when, not being confirmed by the Senate, he retired from the office.

In 1873 he became a candidate for the United States Senate, and having received the caucus nomination by a vote of 64 to 57 for the late distinguished Senator, General Frank P. Blair, was elected over Hon. John B. Henderson, late United States Senator, by a majority of 59 votes, and became the successor of General Blair in this body for the term from March 4, 1873, to March 3, 1879. His career as a Senator in this body is familiar to most of the present Senators.

Colonel BOGY during his long career occupied a very conspicuous position among the public men of his State, and in addition to the political offices named occupied many important positions of trust and honor. He was president of the Saint Louis and Iron Mount-

ain Railroad, president of the Exchange Bank of Saint Louis, commissioner of public schools, member of the city council of Saint Louis, and president of the city council, and, as such, acting mayor in the absence of the mayor.

The survivors of his family are his wife, Mrs. Pelagie Pratt Bogy, daughter of the late General Bernard Pratt; his son, Joseph Bogy, and his daughter, Mrs. Josephine Noonan.

The disease which terminated fatally first manifested itself in this city during the last session of the Forty-fourth Congress, and the executive session of the Senate, called upon its close, and was of the character of a low malarial fever. After the adjournment of the Senate in March, 1877, he returned to his home and continued to grow worse. In August, 1877, he visited Colorado with the hope of relief; failing, he returned to Saint Louis and grew steadily weaker until he was forced to confinement in bed. A few days prior to his death the rupture of an abscess of the under or posterior surface of the liver occurred, and for a short time he seemed to grow better when a marked change occurred indicating the rapid approach of death.

Father Tallon, of Saint Laurence O'Toole's church, administered to him the last sacraments of the Catholic Church, of which he was an earnest member, and about 10 o'clock he went to sleep, and at 11 o'clock, without a sign of pain he passed away as quietly and calmly as if still sleeping.

The last sad rites were performed on September 22, 1877, and his body was then interred in Calvary cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

Mr. President, this is the third time in the history of Missouri that her Senator during his term of office has died, and these three deaths have all occurred in the same line or class of Senators, which

began with Senator Barton. Mr. Alexander Buckner, serving in the term beginning March 4, 1831, and ending March 3, 1837, died in the year 1833, during the recess, and was succeeded by Dr. Lewis F. Linn, who served out Mr. Buckner's term, and was his own successor by two re-elections, for the terms ending respectively March 3, 1843, and March 3, 1849, but died in the recess, on October 31, 1843. Mr. BOGY, in 1873, became a Senator in this same class, and died September 20, 1877, during the recess.

Mr. BOGY from youth to death displayed an honorable ambition, a strong will, an unyielding perseverance, and a lion-hearted courage that never failed in the face of the strongest difficulty. In all the relations of life he was "the born gentleman," courteous, generous, liberal, and warm-hearted.

As a son he was dutiful, affectionate, and considerate. As husband and father he was kind, loving, patient, and tender, and doted with strong affection upon his wife and children.

It is in these sacred relations of life that the true character of man is exemplified, and herein the late Senator BOGY stood preeminent, and happily realized the truth of the beautiful lines:

> Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
> Thou art the muse of virtue; in thine arms
> She smiles, appearing as in truth she is
> Heaven-born and destined to the skies again.

As a citizen he was patriotic and devoted to the Constitution and form of Government, and labored earnestly and zealously for the development of the material interests of his own great and rapidly growing city and State and of our whole country.

As a public official he recognized that he was the agent and servant of the people, and was laborious, diligent, and faithful in the discharge of every trust confided to him and of every obligation imposed upon him.

When his eventful career drew to its inevitable close and the labors of his life on earth were ended by the separation of soul and body in temporal death, the people of his native State and of the whole country justly felt and uttered the sentiment, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mr. President, I have often heard it stated upon this floor that the Senate of the United States is a continuing body, perpetual in existence, without end of days in law. This may be true as a legal proposition and may tend to divert our attention from a stern fact and an inexorable event, the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death.

It is therefore proper that we occasionally turn from the thrilling and absorbing themes discussed in this body to contemplate the end of all the living and to realize that—

> Life is ever a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away,

and that—

> Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.

During my short term of service here, now less than three years, the Senate has been called upon to suspend its business that we might pay proper tribute to the public and private virtues of the late Vice-President Henry Wilson, and of the late President and United States Senator from Tennessee, Andrew Johnson, and of the late Senator from Connecticut, Orris S. Ferry, and of the late Senator from West Virginia, Allen T. Caperton, and we now pay the same tribute to my late colleague, LEWIS V. BOGY, and to-morrow we will pay the same tribute to the late Senator from Indiana, Oliver P. Morton. We are thus solemnly warned of the truth of the divine utterance:

> Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live.

It is the dictate of both religion and philosophy that we cherish the memories of departed brother Senators now quietly sleeping in the sepulcher, that universal and venerable teacher which declares to us to-day the same truths which it has for fifty-eight centuries past declared in all climes and in all tongues of the earth, to all classes of people, to the king upon his throne, to the peasant in his hut, to the wise and to the ignorant:

Our lives are rivers gliding free
To that unfathomed boundless sea,
The silent grave.

The lessons which the sepulcher imparts impress us with the momentous interests which cluster around life, death, and eternity:

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

The "Man of Calvary" has lighted the gloom of the sepulcher with the glories of his triumph. We can exclaim:

O, death, where is thy sting?
O, grave, where is thy victory?

Address of Mr. MAXEY, of Texas.

Mr. PRESIDENT: LEWIS V. BOGY was born April 9, 1813, in the Territory (now State) of Missouri, in the County of Sainte Genevieve. He acquired the rudiments of an English education in the schools of the neighborhood, but in the main was educated by his own exertions without an instructor.

He began the study of law in 1832 with Judge Pope, of Kaskaskia, Illinois, but suspended his studies to volunteer in the Black Hawk war, and participated in two engagements and was present at the capture of Black Hawk. At the close of the war he resumed his studies under Judge Pope, and in 1835 completed them at Transylvania University, settled in Saint Louis, and began the

practice of law at the age of twenty-two years, without aid from fortune or family influence.

With a robust constitution, temperate habits, a will to succeed, energy, and strict integrity, he laid the foundation of fortune and usefulness and rapidly rose in his profession. He served for a time in the Legislature with credit, and occupied other positions of prominence, among them commissioner of common schools, in his native State. He was for a time president of the city council of Saint Louis. His most important service to the State, and especially to Saint Louis, was in effectively directing the public mind to the vast importance of developing the wonderful deposits of iron ore in the mountains south of Saint Louis, known as Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain.

This he began in 1847, and soon drew the attention of sagacious capitalists to this inexhaustible and rich ore. These beds were remote from navigation, and there were then no railroads in that direction. Through his indefatigable exertions companies were formed and a railroad projected and completed from Saint Louis to the iron deposits, giving a new impetus to its enterprise and greatly increasing the city in wealth and population. The Saint Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad has within the last few years been pushed into Texas, and by it and connecting railroads Saint Louis now has all-rail connection with the Gulf of Mexico at Galveston.

He builded better than he knew.

Mr. BOGY was one of the leading spirits in projecting and establishing the great iron founderies near Saint Louis, which have added so greatly to the prosperity of the city. He lent his untiring energy and influence to other enterprises of public advantage. He was a public-spirited man; one of the men to whom all look to head great enterprises.

He was a splendid type of the rugged old men of the West, fast passing away, who carved thriving States out of a wilderness. Born in the Territory of Missouri soon after it passed from the dominion of Spain to that of France, and then under the jurisdiction of the United States, he lived to see the sparsely populated Territory of his birth enter the Union as a State under a political excitement never before reached in this country. He lived to see that excitement disappear, and other and graver differences appear and disappear, while his native State advanced in wealth and political influence till it had reached, in his day, the very front rank of States.

Beginning his professional life in Saint Louis just when it was emerging from a French trading-post into a prosperous town, he lived to see it among the leading commercial cities of the Union, with the great Mississippi at its base, spanned by the most splendid bridge in the world.

Of the enterprise, progress, and prosperity of Missouri and her great metropolis, Mr. BOGY could well have exclaimed, "All of which I saw, and a great part of which I was."

Mr. BOGY was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the year 1867, and conducted the complicated business of that important bureau with conspicuous intelligence and fidelity. I doubt if any man was ever at the head of that bureau who so thoroughly as he understood Indian affairs. This was the only office he ever held under the Federal Government.

He was elected to the Senate by the Legislature of Missouri, and took his seat in this body March 4, 1873.

As a Senator he was honest, industrious, careful in arriving at his conclusions, and alive to every measure of national importance while never forgetting that he was specially intrusted with what

specially concerned Missouri. He frequently took part in debate, was a ready and fluent speaker, reasoned well, and showed without effort that he had read and thought deeply. While unswerving in his party allegiance he was always courteous in debate as well as in social intercourse, and was a popular man in the Senate.

His last important work as a Senator was as a member of the monetary commission, under the joint resolution of August 15, 1876, and upon this duty he entered with all the zeal of his earnest nature. The report of the commission will show how well and faithfully this great and important work was performed.

Mr. BOGY'S health began to fail during the intensely hot weeks closing the first session of the Forty-fourth Congress, and it was never restored, although for months afterward he continued his usual labors; but finally he was stricken down, and after a lingering illness he died at his residence in Saint Louis at eleven o'clock a. m., September 20, 1877, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. All that the tenderest love of a devoted family and the affection of life-long friends could do was done to make smooth the rugged path-way. No man ever died in Saint Louis whose memory received more or higher marks of affectionate esteem than LEWIS VITAL BOGY.

The resolutions of the large and highly respectable bar of Saint Louis, of which he was so distinguished a member, which I place before the Senate, are as follows:

Resolved, That we, the members of the bar of Saint Louis, bear witness that LEWIS V. BOGY, during his long career in the profession, was distinguished by a high order of ability and the deportment of a true gentleman. It has been truthfully said of him that he was a "born gentleman;" that he possessed the virtues of a Christian all will confess who knew him; he was devoted and faithful to every duty or trust in public or private life. Of the kindest disposition, he was also the purest and best of men in his relations to his family and friends.

Resolved, That in expressing our appreciation of his career in public life we but record the truth of history when we affirm that he was always earnest and conscientious, true to the interests of the people of the entire country, a firm and steadfast friend to the people of the West, and labored with all his zeal and energy to build up the material prosperity of the State and the constituency he represented.

In addition to the respect shown by the members of the bar, who attended his funeral in a body, and by the vast concourse of citizens who followed his remains to their last resting-place, many business and social organizations passed resolutions of respect as a tribute to the memory of Mr. BOGY, not only in Saint Louis, but all over the State, and the press, irrespective of party, rendered merited tribute to the memory of the dead Senator.

The States of Missouri and Texas had so many interests in common that soon after I entered the Senate at the executive session in March, 1875, I was thrown much into companionship with Mr. BOGY, and conferred with him freely, the more so as we were of the same political faith and party, and there sprang up a kindly relation which continued till his death. He was a man of clear judgment and unusually quick perception. His mind was well stored with valuable information. While, as was well said by the Saint Louis bar in their resolutions, "he was a born gentleman," he possessed in an eminent degree the rugged characteristics of the western pioneer. Strong in his convictions, with but little of policy, positive and outspoken in his likes and dislikes, fearless in expression and action, honest and true, and every inch a man, he was in his family and social relations gentle as a woman.

I remember that he was called from the Senate Chamber to the bedside of his dying old mother, at his home in St. Louis. Of this visit and of his great gratification in reaching her bedside before she died, which was but a short time after his arrival, and of the pleasure he felt that she at once recognized him although nearly gone, and of her noble traits of character, he spoke to me quite freely after his return, and I felt that more than forty active years in the great battle of life had neither dried up nor weakened the

pure fountain of his filial affection. From that time no man could have shaken my faith in LEWIS V. BOGY.

I feel sure that every Senator who served with him respected his absolute integrity and that not one ever entertained even a momentary feeling of unkindness toward him. The kindly traits of his character, his purity of life and purpose, were attested in all the many resolutions passed by bar meetings and societies over the State of Missouri. These noble qualities endeared him to the people of his native State.

> Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

Such is a brief sketch of LEWIS VITAL BOGY. He has left a lasting and good impress on his State, has set a good example here, and did not live in vain.

Address of Mr. CHRISTIANCY, of Michigan.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Not a mere sense of propriety, but the high esteem and personal respect which I entertained for the man, impel me to say a few words in commemoration of Senator BOGY, whose voice, once familiar to us here, will be heard no more in this Hall.

A descendant of the early French settlers, who, under the auspices of France, had established a solid footing in Canada, and spread their scattered settlements in the rear of the English columns, from the great Lakes almost to the Gulf; he retained many of the characteristics of that people. French was his mother tongue, English an acquired language, which he spoke with less fluency, and always with a pronunciation slightly tinged with the French accent.

Limited as his early education had been, he overcame its defects by great industry and application—neglecting the mere literature and lighter accomplishments of the time, and applying all his energies to the acquisition of useful and practical knowledge, which enabled him to meet the real struggle of life; to overcome the obstacles in the pathway of success; to take advantage of the opportunities presented for bettering his condition, and when he could not control, to conform himself to, and make the most of, the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Though the law was his profession, and he obtained a good standing at the bar, he did not confine himself to the studies nor to the routine of his profession, but turned his attention to questions of politics and statesmanship; making himself familiar especially with every branch of knowledge essential to a full understanding of the magnitude, the capabilities, the interests, and the wants of the Great West; and of these few men had more ample knowledge or appreciation. The whole subject of the public lands; the condition, numbers, and character of the Indian tribes; the Indian treaties; the intercourse with and the questions of policy toward the Indians; the character and condition of the frontier settlers, and their interests and wants he had carefully studied, and thoroughly understood.

He was also a man of action and of enterprise; a pioneer in the system of railroad improvements in his own State, which has done so much to develop the resources of that State and of the States and Territories thence westward to the Pacific.

As Commissioner of Indian Affairs his policy and all his actions appear to have been dictated, not only by a sense of justice, but by a warm kindness for the race and the noblest promptings of humanity.

He was a man of positive opinions and strong convictions, never shrinking from their avowal, and always ready to maintain them

by argument to the utmost of his abilities. As a debater in the popular forum, or in the Senate, he was generally well posted in his facts, and warm and zealous, and even enthusiastic, in argument. With less power of dealing with the abstract than the concrete, he was apt to spend too much of his force in the presentation and discussion of details, instead of seizing at once upon the general principles involved in and resulting from them. This naturally led him into a discursive style, and often weakened the real force of his arguments. With too little power of abstraction always to overlook or disregard non-essentials, and to bring out prominently to view the essential principles involved, he could not always readily render the point at which he aimed so prominent and distinct, even to his own vision, as to be able at the first shot to hit exactly the mark, though he generally hit near it, and always finally made up for this want of accuracy of sight and aim by a continuous repetition of his shots till the point was finally struck or worn away and demolished by the constant attrition which had undermined its base.

Patient, laborious, and persistent in his investigations, he shirked no labor essential to the discharge of his duties, either in the Senate or upon committee. And upon committees especially he exerted all his powers and labored with the utmost fidelity to reach the just and proper result. His sense of justice was strong and clear, and he spared no pains in reaching a just result, and this he seemed often to reach with great accuracy by a kind of intuition without being able to state with logical accuracy the steps of the process by which he had reached it. Personally he was kind, gentle, social, and generous; and these traits were not factitious nor put on for the occasion, but real and essential attributes of the man himself. Courteous and polite in his intercourse with others, as from his French descent it was but natural for him to be, he never allowed

his courtesy or politeness to overcome his attachment to truth, nor to repress his condemnation of what he believed to be wrong.

Born and reared a Catholic, and conforming his faith to the teachings of his church with the confiding trust of a child to the authority of a beloved mother, his mind was untroubled with doubts of his future, and he was not shaken to and fro by the speculations of philosophers or metaphysicians whose theories always end in doubt and uncertainty. And if a man can bring himself to that state of unquestioning confidence and trust, though we may not be able to agree with him, who shall say he has not been wise? The solution of this question is not for us, but for Him alone whose field of vision is infinite, while ours is almost infinitely small.

But though his religious belief was thus settled, he was tolerant of the beliefs and opinions of others.

Finally, I will say that, notwithstanding our differences of religious and political belief, the more I saw of Senator BOGY the more I appreciated the qualities of his head and heart and the more warmly I became attached to him. And when the intelligence of his death reached me, sudden and unexpected as it was, I felt, and still feel, as I believe this Senate feel, a deep sense of bereavement at his loss, as for the loss of a brother. And it is well that we should cherish these sentiments. Entering, as most of us have entered, this Hall after middle life, we must, in the order of nature, expect the hand of Death to be frequently thrust in among us, claiming his own with relentless impartiality. And the tribute of kindly remembrance which we render to-day to one of our number may any day be called forth in behalf of any of us in our turn who yet survive.

The custom of devoting one day to the memory of each who has been cut down, reviewing their several traits of character with the kindness and impartiality which death can command, but which the

conflicts of opinion, the heat and misapprehensions of debate, and the diversities of party views often obscure, naturally tends to make us more kind and lenient in judging of each other's opinions, purposes, and personal qualities; to promote mutual respect and esteem, and to encourage mutual forbearance and charitable judgments, in spite of all our differences of opinions upon the policies and measures of Government, and thus to keep this body—what it has long been—the most courteous legislative body in the world.

Address of Mr. JOHNSTON, of Virginia.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Although I had never seen Mr. BOGY till we met here in the Senate, it early came about that we were thrown much together and became intimate friends. Like most men of strong and striking qualities, he was not without peculiarities of manner and character, which, looking like blemishes at first, were seen at last to cover genuine virtues. He was decided, bold, and persistent in the formation of his opinion and the expression of his views; and if he seemed sometimes to exhibit what might have been considered vehemence, it was only because his convictions were strong.

In the friendly, almost confidential intercourse in which we indulged, the real sterling and tender traits of his character were brought to light. He spoke to me often of his children, especially a daughter to whom he seemed to be deeply attached and who died only about a year before him. He was summoned by telegram to visit her sick bed, in expectation that her demise was near at hand. But the journey was long, and before he reached its end a second message informed him of her death. On his return he unbosomed himself to me—spoke of her tender devotion to him, her anxiety to see him and obtain his blessing before death parted them, and his

own sorrowful heart. And I am fixed in the belief that this great sorrow had much to do in breaking him down, and making him fall an easier victim to the disease of which he died.

He was a man who was much before the public and held many important trusts. He passed through the ordeal well in every way, for he not only performed the duties of each place with ability and fidelity, but with such zeal, devotion, and honor that he escaped wholly the breath of calumny. He was for some time Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a position which in our peculiar relations to the Indian tribes, the difficulties attending its honest and efficient execution, the suspicion that attaches to it in the minds of many people, makes it one of the most delicate, difficult, and important offices under the Government. But he did this as he did everything else, well, and retired with honor and good-will and with a vast store of information very useful to him and the country when he came to occupy a seat upon this floor.

He was one of the few men who in early life blocked out a career for himself and attained it, for it is well authenticated that while yet young he declared his purpose of reaching the Senate, never lost sight of it, and finally accomplished the object of his ambition.

Senator BOGY was emphatically a western man. No statesman of the day had given more attention to the country between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean than he had. Not that he underestimated the region east of the Mississippi, but he believed that the ultimate seat of empire would be found west of the Mississippi, and that in its growth and progress were embraced the greatest growth, wealth, prosperity, and progress of the American people.

And it is surely true that the great problem of our country, now pressing for solution, exists in that part of the United States. The

silver of the Sierras; the Indian tribes, presenting the exceptional condition of a people treated by us partly as citizens and partly as foreigners, living in the same territory with us and yet making treaties with our Government; the Chinese question, so ominous of danger and so hard to deal with; our trade with China, Japan, Australia; the railroads to the Pacific, already constructed and yet to be built—all these he had studied practically and thoroughly, especially that great Indian problem, so hard and yet so necessary to solve. He knew the customs, habits, and peculiarities of all the tribes, and had both knowledge and wisdom in dealing with this subject, so embarrassing now and likely to be so for years yet to come. And long before the silver question became the absorbing topic it is now, Mr. BOGY was one of the first in either House to perceive its magnitude and public interest. While most of our public men were content to know in a general way that gold and silver abounded in the region looking toward the Pacific, he had already acquired accurate and exhaustive knowledge of the whole subject, was a pioneer, and foresaw not only its commercial but its political importance. That he died pending these great questions is much to be regretted. His counsels would have been valuable to his country, and his death, a public calamity at any time, is doubly so now.

But, Mr. President, it has pleased Providence to remove him from a sphere of great usefulness, and I can truly pronounce of him what after all is the best eulogy to be pronounced upon any man: that he did his duty honestly through life; that, being placed in many trying and responsible situations, he came safely through them all; that he was devoted to his domestic relations, was a useful citizen, a faithful public officer, and a sincere and practical member of the church to which he belonged. And these things being said with truth, what more need or should be said?

Address of Mr. KERNAN, of New York.

Mr. PRESIDENT: My personal acquaintance with Senator BOGY was comparatively brief. It began in this Chamber in March, 1875. It ended last March, when we parted here with mutual kind wishes. We had become intimate, and that intimacy had grown into friendship. I respected and esteemed him. I mourn his loss, and willingly unite in this tribute of respect to his character and memory.

Mr. BOGY was an honest, honorable man. As a member of the Legislature of Missouri, and as Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1867 and 1868, he discharged his duties with ability and fidelity to the trusts committed to his charge.

As a member of this body he was attentive to all his duties and diligent in performing them. He was watchful and laborious to protect the rights and promote the interest of the State he represented, and to promote the prosperity and welfare of the entire Union. He possessed much and varied knowledge, and was a ready and forcible debater. His party feelings were strong but he did not permit them to swerve him from doing that which he believed to be right and for the public good. By his death the State of Missouri has lost an able and conscientious representative, and this body an intelligent, useful, and patriotic member.

In private life he was a genial and most agreeable companion, a warm and sincere friend. No one could hear him talk, as he often did, of his mother, of the neighbors among whom he lived in boyhood, of the parish priest who taught him the rudiments of the Latin language, of his wife and children, without being impressed that he was an affectionate son, husband, and father.

He was a member of the Catholic Church, and firmly believed the creed of that church. He professed and practiced his own faith free from bigotry or uncharitableness toward others.

Mr. President, the death of our friend illustrates the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death. It is another of the admonitions which we almost daily receive, that we should strive to so live that we may be at all times prepared to meet our Creator and our Judge. I trust he was so prepared. Sincerely mourning his death, I, in accordance with that faith which we both held, earnestly pray that his spirit may rest in peace.

Address of Mr. MERRIMON, of North Carolina.

Mr. PRESIDENT, I made the acquaintance of the late Senator BOGY when he first entered this Chamber as a Senator. From that time until his death our relations were friendly, agreeable, and cordial. We sat near each other. I observed his course of action, conversed much and freely with him, and came to know him very well as a member of this body.

Mr. BOGY possessed far more than ordinary capacities. His educational training may not have been thorough or liberal—I know not how this was—but his intellectual powers were in large measure well developed. It will not be claimed that he had acquired great learning; he had, however, read extensively and treasured much from his reading and reflection. He had considerable experience in affairs; his observation was large, particularly on practical subjects; he was virtually inclined to be practical in his course of thought and action. He thought well and strongly and generally reached accurate conclusions.

He had a generous nature; he was frank, affable, and sincere; sincere in his friendships and in all he said and did. He had independence of thought and action, and expressed his opinions freely; he scorned intrigue and circumvention.

He was courageous; quick to resent and repel insult and injury; free and prompt to forgive when reparation was tendered.

He had a warm heart, and his affections were deep and tender. In this connection may I be pardoned for venturing to refer to an event that I believe hurried him to his grave. On an occasion several months before his death he was called home on account of the illness of a member of his family. A favorite daughter, very dear to him, died; and ever after that his heart seemed to be overburdened by the deepest sorrow. Sitting near me, oftentimes, he would turn to me and speak in tender and touching terms of his departed daughter; of the sweetness of her nature; of the noble qualities of her mind and heart. It seemed to afford him a melancholy pleasure to recount her virtues. This sad affliction weighed down his spirits, and, I thought at the time, affected his health. He constantly complained of bodily illness of which he could not rid himself. May we hope that his departed soul has rejoined the sweet spirit of that daughter in a better world.

Mr. BOGY was a sincere patriot; he loved his whole country; he deplored the late civil war and the conflicts of passions, sectional jealousies, animosities, and hatreds growing out of it. He warmly sympathized with the people of the South in their struggles for restoration to constitutional rights and wholesome government, and earnestly desired the complete restoration of the Union in spirit as well as name.

No Senator could be more devoted to his State and people than he was to the State and people of Missouri. He was ever watchful

of their interests, rights, and honors, and served them faithfully. He believed that State destined to become in most respects the great State of the Union, and Saint Louis the central and greatest city of the Mississippi Valley. He experienced pleasure in contemplating their increasing growth of population, industries, and commerce in coming years.

He took a deep interest in the western section of our country—in the advancement of its civilization and the development of its material interests. He was the warm friend and advocate of every measure which in his judgment looked to that end. And in this connection he was not unmindful of the Indians, their rights, their wants, and necessities, as well as the most effective means to protect the white people against savage treachery, plunder, and barbarity. He indulged no false sentimentality on this subject, but advocated a just, firm, and rigid line of action as best calculated to benefit and protect the Indians as well as the white people.

I think it may be said that Mr. BOGY was in most respects a fair type of the western man. He was bold; full of energy, enterprise, industry, and self-reliance. He was neither a brilliant nor a sensational man, in the common acception of these terms. He was not ostentatious in his deportment or speech, but he was earnest, and belonged to that other class of useful men who look at the substance of things, and who by constant thought, industrious effort in conversation, in committee, and in the Senate, quietly mold and mature measures that affect, direct, and control the interests and destinies of the Government and the people. He was neither little, narrow-minded, nor niggardly in his views of government and measures of public policy. On the contrary, he entertained broad, comprehensive, liberal, and catholic views on these subjects. He was the warm friend of every legitimate industry, wherever found, in the borders

of our country, and all measures looking to the encouragement of the same. He took a deep and anxious interest in every effort to restore, enlarge, and extend our commerce, not only domestic but in every quarter of the world, and especially in South America and the East Indies. Nothing calculated to advance and secure these great ends escaped his observation or failed to receive in some way his support.

Mr. BOGY was a distinguished citizen of his State and the Union, and in a large, important, and honorable sense, a useful Senator, who reflected credit on himself, his State, and our common country.

I experience sad pleasure in making these imperfect references to some of the many excellent features of his character, and other some of his meritorious deeds. I do not pretend that he was free from the imperfections, weaknesses, perhaps vices, common to human nature; like the generality of mankind he had his faults.

But his labors are ended, his term of this life is over; the interests, the wealth, the blandishments, and the honors of this world have ceased forever to be interesting to him. These things cannot affect or awaken him from the cold slumbers of the grave. His spirit has gone to meet his Maker and experience the realities of eternal things. Let us profit by his example; let us avoid and forget his faults; let us remember his virtues and imitate and emulate his good, his noble deeds.

Address of Mr. SARGENT, of California.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I will detain the Senate to add but a few words to these tributes to our departed associate and friend. I remember the suddenness with which came to me the announcement of his death. At the close of the previous session of Congress, anticipating

an extra session early in the summer and fearing that I might be detained at my distant home, I had arranged a pair with him on political questions. I remember that he spoke pleasantly of meeting me at this December session, if not before. Alas, before the extra session came he was summoned hence, to be here no more forever. Thus uncertain is life. Thus death constantly invades even this narrow circle, thins our numbers, and reminds us that no gravity of employment, no eminence of station, no interest, public or private, can arrest its fateful decrees.

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

Mr. BOGY had improved by cultivation more than by ordinary natural gifts. His intellectual processes were rapid and exhaustive. His mind teemed with suggestions in support of his convictions. He was most positive in his opinions, bold and uncompromising in uttering them; a strong partisan of a radical school. He was always armed, ready to defend his party and attack its opponents. But I think the record of debates and the memory of Senators will be taxed in vain to find an instance where he was discourteous to a brother Senator, or where he showed that the collision of debate had excited him to anger against his opponent here. His intercourse with his associates on this floor showed that a man of warm feelings and strong partisanship, while maintaining the extremest points of his political creed, may have a friendship for and enjoy the friendship of those most opposed to his views.

It is well that this should be so. We are here from constituencies as diverse in opinion as location. The friction of every strong passion in the country is here felt. Opinions are constantly expressed here that are the natural outgrowth of sections of the country, which

seem most strange, even abhorrent, to Senators who represent other parts of the country. Our national domain is broad and our interests diverse, often conflicting, and party zeal differs in intensity and direction in different localities. All these conditions inspire our debates and lead to diverse views. But we learn tolerance of each other's opinions and utterances by our long-continued association here, and that the Senator extreme in his partyism of any shade may be kind and courteous in feeling, self-respecting and respecting the rights of his peers.

Such was our deceased friend in his intercourse with Senators. From the proximity of the seats which we occupied I was much in contact with him, and learned to appreciate his real goodness of heart and his constant courtesy, while generally differing from his views and utterances upon public men, measures, and policy.

Address of Mr. ARMSTRONG, of Missouri.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The grave seals the lips of unfriendly criticism, and should also close them against the hypocrisy of indiscriminate laudation. In the few remarks I have to offer on this mournful occasion it will be my purpose to briefly sketch the history of my lamented friend, with whom I have been intimately acquainted for more than thirty-five years—pointing to features of his character and such acts of his life as should teach useful lessons to the living, and make his memory dear to his countrymen.

LEWIS VITAL BOGY was born in the town of Sainte Genevieve, Sainte Genevieve County, Missouri, on the 9th day of April, 1813.

His father was a Canadian Frenchman—one of the successors of the brave Marquette, La Salle, and Laclede—one of the race of hardy pioneers who pitched the tents of civilization on the shores of the great lakes and along the banks of the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers.

Like almost every other youth in the western wilderness at that day, young BOGY gathered the rudiments of an English education in the primitive log school-house of the times, and supplemented this by careful and presevering study at home.

He spent some of his early days as a clerk in a country store for the purpose of acquiring means to enable him to prepare for a professional career.

In 1832 he commenced the study of law in the office of Nathaniel Pope, judge of the United States district court, at Kaskaskia, Illinois. Shortly after this period the Black Hawk war broke out, and young BOGY, like nearly every other young man in that region, at once abandoned his favorite pursuits, volunteered as a private soldier, and marched to the front to protect our widely extended and then sparsely settled frontier. Returning after an honorable discharge, he completed his legal studies at the law school of Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, where he graduated in 1835. He at once began the practice of law in Saint Louis, and his success in this profession led to the accumulation of a handsome fortune.

In 1840 he was elected to the lower house of the Missouri General Assembly from Saint Louis County as a whig. He took a prominent part in the proceedings of that body, and was one of its leading members.

In 1852 he was nominated for Congress in the Saint Louis congressional district by the democratic party, and was defeated by Colonel Benton who ran independently.

Having removed from Saint Louis to Sainte Genevieve, in 1854 he was elected from that, his native county, to again serve the people as a representative in the General Assembly. That body gave State aid largely for the construction of railroads in Missouri. No man took a more active part in the exciting discussions and interesting proceedings of the General Assembly, consequent upon the adoption of these measures, or had a more commanding influence upon its legislation, than Colonel BOGY.

Courteous, considerate, genial, and liberal in his views, even his opponents regretted to differ from him.

In 1862 he was nominated for Cŏngress a second time in the Saint Louis congressional district; but amid the throes of the terrible convulsions of that period no democrat *could* be elected. The courage and self-control of the leader were not possessed by a majority of his friends; and, after a bold and fearless campaign, he was again defeated.

In 1866 he was appointed by President Johnson Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He discharged the very laborious duties of that office in so faithful and competent a manner that even his bitterest opponents failed to discover any deviation from the strictest rectitude.

In January, 1873, his highest aspirations were crowned with success, by an election to the United States Senate—the distinguished eminence to which his boyish ambition looked forward with a singular yet prophetic confidence.

He died at his family residence in Saint Louis on the 20th day of September, 1877, and now

"Sleeps the sleep that knows not breaking"

in the quiet shades of Calvary Cemetery, in the suburbs of that city.

He died, as he had lived, a faithful, trusting, and exemplary

member of the Catholic Church—the church to which his fathers for generations had belonged.

The remote cause of his death was of an intermittent malarial character, little thought of at first, to which was added the extreme exhaustion consequent on the excitement, mental strain, and overwork, imposed by his chivalric idea of the duties he owed to his party and his country on this floor, during the eventful winter of 1876 and 1877.

This, Mr. President, is the brief record of a busy, useful, and not uneventful life. During his whole career he was an earnest advocate and liberal supporter of all measures that looked to the largest industrial developments of the wonderful mineral and agricultural resources of his native State. Early and late, in sickness and in health, his devotion to these interests knew no abatement, and was proverbial throughout the West.

He knew that Missouri was the storehouse of vast wealth, both of the soil and of the mine, and that these undeveloped treasures were almost worthless until they could be brought to the markets of the world. He clearly comprehended this, and gave his time, talents, and fortune to inaugurate a system of railways that should stimulate settlements, and furnish transportation facilities to all parts of the State. The network of railways spread over Missouri at this time, and which has done much to make Saint Louis the fourth city in the United States, and raised our State from the sixteenth to the fifth in the Union, is largely indebted to his endeavors and his counsels for its existence.

He also spent much time and money in the development of our mineral resources; and his example, inspiring others, has so extended explorations and mining operations as to prove that Missouri has enough iron, lead, and zinc to supply the wants of the world.

He was opposed to all monopolies, and believed in the doctrine that every great community should be self-sustaining, and measurably independent in all leading industries. Hence he was a firm and earnest friend of manufactures, and proved his faith by his works. His teaching and example were among the influences that have made Saint Louis the third manufacturing city in the United States.

He fought, Mr. President, the battle of life all the way up-hill, overcoming obstacles, and dispelling opposition, that would have subdued a man of feebler temper. Inspired with a lofty ambition, he sought distinction, not for itself, but that it might render him more serviceable to his State and his country; and for these he labored with a zeal that never flagged, and a vigilance that never slept. During his life's career, from the stripling on the frontier of the far West to the conscript father in the Senate Chamber, he was always busy, earnest, and indefatigable in the attempt to achieve results beneficial to his fellow-men.

His personal integrity and his high sense of honor were *never questioned.*

Without pretending to the polish of the rhetorician or the arts of the orator, he was earnest and effective in debate, sinking the politician in the patriot, warmly contending for what he deemed right, and like a true statesman, working for the great interests of the people and the good of the whole country.

Beloved by his relatives, honored by his friends, and respected by his opponents, he filled his place with equal credit to himself and advantage to his State; and, without towering genius or vaulting ambition, yet—

> The elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "*This was a man!*"

The truth of the following language, used by one who knew him intimately and well, will be vouched for by all his fellow-citizens that had the pleasure of a close acquaintance.

"The death of Senator BOGY is not only a great loss to Missouri and to the Mississippi Valley, but it is a public calamity. He was as pure as burnished gold. He was proof against all venal influences. Reaching that degree of confidence among his contemporaries in the Senate, and through the belief in his own powers which experience in a familiar theater of action gives, he was in a condition to render, during the remaining one-third of his term in the Senate, the State, the valley and the Union more statesmanlike services than he before could have done."

Thus, Mr. President, I have simply and briefly alluded to those points in the character and history of our deceased friend that should be a lesson to the living, inspiring a laudable ambition and stimulating to successful achievement.

And here too, as we engrave "rest in peace" on the tomb of my predecessor, comes the note of warning and instruction. As one by one our colleagues pass behind the dark curtain and as day by day we behold the mighty procession moving on, out of the sunlight and starlight into the shadows of the great unknown, there comes the voice of admonition to—

Work while it is day: for the night cometh, when no man can work.

Mr. President, as a further testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to unanimously; and (at two o'clock p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS

IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

A message was received from the Senate, by Mr. SYMPSON, one of its Clerks, announcing the proceedings of that body on the death of LEWIS V. BOGY, late a Senator from Missouri.

DEATH OF THE LATE LEWIS V. BOGY.

The SPEAKER laid the resolutions before the House; and they were read as follows:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 16, 1873.

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. LEWIS V. BOGY, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of Hon. LEWIS V. BOGY, the business of the Senate be now suspended, that his former associates may pay proper tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the members of the Senate will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Mr. COLE. I move that these resolutions lie on the table; and I respectfully give notice that on next Wednesday at three o'clock I will call them up.

The SPEAKER. In the absence of objection it will be so ordered.

WEDNESDAY, *January 23, 1878.*

DEATH OF SENATOR BOGY.

The SPEAKER. The hour of three o'clock having been fixed as the time for taking up the resolutions of the Senate in relation to the death of the late Senator BOGY, of Missouri, and that hour having arrived, the Clerk will read the resolutions of the Senate.

The Clerk read as follows:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 16, 1878.

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. LEWIS V. BOGY, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of Hon. LEWIS V. BOGY, the business of the Senate be now suspended, that his former associates may pay proper tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the members of the Senate will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

ADDRESSES.

Address of Mr. COLE, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: Standing in the dark shadow of a great sorrow it is fitting that there should be a truce to all divisions; that, meeting to-day upon a common sacred ground, we may with fervent words of unfeigned sorrow repeat the story of a useful life. If there be animosities let them give place to better thoughts. If there be enmities let them depart this sacred spot while here we join clean hands over the grave of the departed one whose deeds, whose words are now the priceless heritage of his countrymen. Thus doing we may pluck from sorrow's crown some precious flower fragrant with the perfumes of a charity which shall sweeten the memories of him we mourn and breathe upon all hearts the impulse toward a better life.

A generation, Mr. Speaker, has passed away since first I had the pleasure of meeting LEWIS VITAL BOGY, then verging toward manhood's prime estate and giving evidence of that leadership to which his genius impelled him, the full fruition of which he afterward realized. In that long acquaintance I trust I learned in some degree to appreciate the excellences which so well adorned his character. Let this then be my apology, if one were needed, for thus detaining you for a few moments that I may express, however imperfectly, those words of sorrow for the loss which our common country has sustained; as well as endeavor to exalt those virtues which he so happily possessed.

Nature had endowed our friend with a form of manly dignity and a face of remarkable suavity and impressive benevolence.

Death found strange beauty on that polished brow and dashed it out.

I need not refer to his remarkably pleasing manners; they were the admiration of all who met him; added to which his courtly yet modest bearing at once stamped him as the finished American gentleman in every sense. These gifts and graces, so much admired, were supplemented by a mind naturally strong and gifted, and which had been trained not in the halls of academic lore under the ripening touch of learned professors, but in his converse with nature, his contact with men and things, and in the brief hours of study snatched from the intervals of toil and earnest conflict with the events of life. Like so many of our countrymen who have reached great heights of distinction and honor, he, too, toiled up by thorny paths, steep and rugged ways, often almost despairing of reaching the coveted goal, yet always pressing on, if possible to secure the prize.

The senatorial seat to which he aspired in the day-dreams of youth with patriotic longings, after an almost life-time struggle, at length he gained. Hence, having struggled on and up, the discipline acquired only the more thoroughly fitted him to sympathize with all in every grade through which he passed. How well, therefore, he filled his place his compeers have not shunned to say, and while to-day they miss his manly form, still more do they miss his wise counsels, sagacious judgment, and intelligent interpretation of the popular will.

His industry was of the highest type, work was his natural element, and his busy brain was apparently tireless in the tasks to which he addressed himself in his public duties.

His fidelity to his convictions was simply the exhibition of that remarkable integrity of character which adorned his life and shed upon it a light of unfading luster. This same characteristic gave strength to his public life, inspired confidence in all who came under

his influence, and gave him a remarkable power over not only his own political associates, but also over his opponents.

I would not, Mr. Speaker, wish to lift the veil of sanctified domestic life or peer within the portals of that home now shrouded in sorrow; but allow me to say it was the home of joy, of confidence, of affection, as beautiful and pure as earth possessed.

To the Father of all we would commend this deeply stricken household. The loving words and tender acts of human sympathy are too feeble to reach the deep and painful grief caused by the removal of one so loved, so honored, in the home which he cherished with such tender affection.

To sum up the character of our friend would be to say that in him we find the wise counsellor and advocate, the high-minded, intelligent merchant, banker, and manufacturer, the statesman at once fearless and independent, incorruptible and patriotic.

In the immediate family connection we behold the devoted son, the tender brother, the fond father, the loving husband. As a friend, steadfast and immovable, careful, considerate, and obliging.

With all these virtues, however, he, too, must bow to that sure fate which is the lot of all. That pale-faced messenger which hangs upon our pathway cannot be appeased by accomplishments, either of person or mind, however beautiful or illustrious.

While to be able to say these things with truthfulness in some measure mitigates the sorrow for our loss and lends encouragement for us to imitate him in their acquirement, at the same time it teaches how great the loss his friends, his family, and his country have sustained.

May the lessons of his life inspire us with higher resolves, more fervent aspirations for usefulness, stronger desires for the attainment of excellences of character. May his death admonish us that life

is the span of man's activities, and that whatsoever the hand findeth to do we should do it with our might, that it may be said of us, as we say of him, he did what he could.

> Life's a debtor to the grave.
> Dark lattice, letting in eternal day.

Time speeds us each with swift and tireless flight toward the land of shadows and forgetfulness. Whatever may be said or thought of us when life's transient day is o'er, may it be our lot to leave behind the heritage of a good name, the legacy of a life well spent, and to reach

> That shore
> Where storms are hushed, where tempests never rage;
> Where angry skies and blackening seas no more
> With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage;
> By them its peaceful margents shall be trod,
> Their home be heaven, and their friend be God.

Address of Mr. WADDELL, of North Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: Forty-six years ago a youth of nineteen years of age, whose opportunities for advancement had been very few, whose means were scant, and whose prospects seemed to be in no degree flattering, wrote a letter to his mother, to whom he was devoted throughout his life, in which he expressed a determination to represent his native State of Missouri in the Senate of the United States before he was sixty years old. It was regarded as only the utterance of a youthful dreamer whose castle in the air would soon vanish before the blighting blast of adversity; but there was in the boy what fighters call "the staying quality," and it soon began to develop itself. Passing through the Black Hawk war as a private soldier, he studied law, and in 1835 stepped well-shod into that highway along which cluster most abundantly public honors in this

country. Advancing rapidly and gathering fortune as he went, but encountering frequently defeat and disappointment, he kept his gaze fixed upon the goal of his youth, and finally, before the close of his sixtieth year, wrote his name in the other end of this Capitol—LEWIS V. BOGY, Senator from Missouri.

What a lesson is here! I come not to speak the language which so fittingly becomes surviving friendship on an occasion like this, for it was not my privilege to enjoy that relation in an especial manner toward him who "has fallen asleep." I am performing an office of respect and friendship for the living, upon whose suggestion I speak; and in the discharge of this duty, while yielding homage to the many virtues, private and public, which all unite in ascribing to him, this remarkable exhibition of dauntless courage and tireless devotion throughout a long life to the attainment of a high and honorable distinction seems to me to be most worthy of comment. It is a record eminently proper to place before the youth of our land for emulation. The spirit which animated him who made it, is the spirit which always has and always will conquer the world. He who possesses it has within him the prime element of greatness, which no obstacle can baffle, no danger appal, and which death can only destroy. Nay, sir, death itself destroys it not, for, stripped of its earthly fetters, it soars immortal toward its home. At no period of our history could the cultivation of this spirit be more wisely urged or its illustration by such examples be more appropriately alluded to than at this time, when all the depressing and demoralizing influences of prostrate industries and paralyzed commerce are at work among us; when singleness of purpose, unflagging perseverance toward noble ends, and high moral courage are so sorely needed. These were the characteristics which marked the life of the dead Senator. Let us imitate them.

Mr. Speaker, since you and I came for the first time to take our places in this Chamber there have been a score of seats made vacant by the rider of the pale horse. He has reaped a rich harvest in the splendid halls of this building.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year.

Standing here and reflecting upon these things, let us heed the noble utterance of one of our immortal countrymen: "'Duty' is the sublimest word in our language." These ceremonies may soon be performed for you and me; and, if so, our friends can pay us no higher tribute than to say that here and everywhere we did our duty.

Yes, the shores of life are shifting,
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year.
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

Address of Mr. HATCHER, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is fitting that I should pay my humble tribute to the memory of the distinguished Senator from Missouri, who, since our last assembling, has been called to his long home.

I represent the district in which he was born. Sixty-four years ago, in the old town of Sainte Genevieve, his eyes first opened to the

light of day; and, sir, I do not in the least exceed the language of sober truth when I declare that there was not a resident of that venerable old hamlet who did not feel in the loss of Senator BOGY a personal bereavement. He had endeared himself to her people by a youth full of promise, a middle age of abundant enterprise and activity, in which they profited, and, later, by an official prominence which they seemed in one sense to share.

They mourned a man whom they knew, a man of honorable aspirations, of well-tempered ambition, of ingrained honesty, of steadfastness to friends, and incapable of doing intentional wrong even to an enemy.

Sainte Genevieve has given to the country many names that have been written high upon the tablet of fame—names that the nation delights to honor and will continue through all time to revere. I have only time to recall such as have served in this or the other House of Congress.

Commencing with John Scott, who for twelve years was a Delegate and Representative in this House from the Territory and State of Missouri; Governor Henry Dodge, who came to Sainte Genevieve, then the most prominent settlement of the new Territory, a mere boy. He served in and was a hero of both the war of 1812 and the Black Hawk war, one of the most sanguinary of our Indian conflicts. Governor Dodge was a delegate from the Territory of Wisconsin, afterward its governor, and when largely by his efforts the State was admitted into the Union he became its first Senator, serving in that capacity for nine years.

General Augustus C. Dodge was also born in Sainte Genevieve. He was the first delegate to Congress from the new Territory of Iowa, its first Senator, and afterward our minister to Spain.

Dr. Lewis F. Linn, who came to Sainte Genevieve with his half-

brother, Governor Dodge, when but an infant, and lived there until his death, served for ten years as Senator from Missouri, being elected the last time by the unanimous vote of her Legislature.

Ex-senator George W. Jones, who emigrated to Sainte Genevieve when a lad six years of age, was educated with Senator BOGY, and served as the last delegate in Congress from Michigan Territory, and was for twelve years a Senator from Iowa.

Enjoying both the example and confidence of these distinguished men it is not strange that Senator BOGY in his mere youth should determine to attain to an eminence as marked as theirs; a determination which with characteristic candor he committed to writing and intrusted to a mother's kind and affectionate care.

In this renowned village, a village still, but which at the date of Senator BOGY's birth bid fair to be the metropolis of the great West, on the 9th day of April, 1813, our deceased friend was born.

He has fought the good fight, he has finished the race, and we who survive him have assembled to do honor to his memory. All that is mortal of him has been consigned by loving hands to the old burying-ground at Saint Louis, where he now rests encircled by all but two of his children; but his example lives to inspire us to worthier purposes and greater efforts. I do not claim for Senator BOGY that he outranked in fame and reputation the distinguished names I have recalled; viewed in the light of what he accomplished it can hardly be asserted that he did. And yet, sir, I am sure that had his term of public service extended over as long a period he would have builded a reputation second to that of no other public man of the last quarter of a century. His gifts were not of a showy order; on the contrary, they were solid, and of the highest value to his constituency and the nation at large.

When he came to the Senate in 1873 he was entirely inexpe-

rienced in legislative labors. More than thirty years ago he was for a brief period a member of his State assembly, and since that time he had been employed almost exclusively in practical business life; and yet, sir, such was his facility of adaptation, so prominent his sturdy sense, his devotion to principle, his candor, and so marked his determination and ability to master the duties of his high position, that almost insensibly, and certainly without exciting opposition or inspiring envy, he steadily grew in the estimation and appreciation of his associates until he became, before half his term had expired, to be relied on as safe guide and counsellor, and was intrusted by his party associates with the gravest responsibilities.

There was nothing of accident about all this. Those who knew him when the rather unexpected news of his election was first made known, confidently predicted the result that followed. They are not less secure in the belief that had his life been spared he would have steadily advanced to the first rank of statesmanship.

What he did he did with his whole heart, might, mind, and strength. From the moment he entered Congress he devoted himself exclusively to the interests of his constituents, neglecting a large private business to the great detriment if not to the ruin of his personal fortune. He knew no other way. From the dull routine of the committee-rooms or other arduous duties connected with his honorable position his associates will testify he never attempted to escape.

During the period of vacation, when his friends pleaded with him to take the rest they felt he so much needed, he still labored untiringly. Through the entire presidential campaign, although most eager to participate in the advocacy of principles which he felt must triumph if the nation was to live, he nevertheless followed the plain path of duty, spending his entire vacation in a laborious

examination of the silver question, which had been assigned by the Senate to a mixed commission, of which he was made a member.

Had he even so much as evaded this single task and taken an ocean voyage, as advised by his physicians, it is the opinion of his friends that he would have been restored to the robust health which was then attacked for the first time by the malaria of this latitude. As he lived he died, discharging to the last, and with his best efforts, the duties imposed on him. And when the summons came, dreadful to all but him, serenely he laid down the burden of life and passed through the shadow of the valley. There were no unmanly repinings, no complaints of opportunities neglected, of wasted time, of lost occasions. With a calm confidence in the sure reward that awaited him, he folded up the book of life and bound it with the golden clasp of faith in a glorious immortality. To us he is no more. To these halls and to our councils he is forevermore a stranger. The places that have known him once shall know him no more forever. Nothing is left but his memory and example. Long shall we of his native State cherish the one and emulate the other.

Address of Mr. PHILLIPS, of Kansas.

Mr. SPEAKER: There are occasions in life which, like the milestones on the highway, make us pause to measure the road we have passed, and to estimate that which may be before us. Death appeals to our sensibilities and rebukes our prejudices. Can anything so inevitable be considered a calamity. There is no misfortune in death save when it snaps in two what might have been a long and honorable life. Death is sometimes attended by horrible

and appalling circumstances, but there is nothing in death or its worst surroundings so truly appalling as a useless, purposeless life. To-day Congress pauses in its work; the great law-making mill, grinding nerve and brain, comes to a halt. It stops to pay a tribute to a dead Senator; to speak of him. Who was he? What was he? He represented a great State, the neighbor of my own. Under our representative form of government he was the chosen voice for a million and a half of people. Who shall say he was an inconsequential thing or an accident. He was selected for something. That something, like himself, makes part of our history not unworthy of the high place they held. The dead Senator of whom we speak to-day was the most distinctive, clear-cut type of one of the most remarkable elements that have blended in modern American civilization.

Two hundred years ago a young Frenchman left the outposts of the French settlements on the Lakes, and entering the Mississippi Valley by the Wisconsin River, explored the father of waters. The great valley lay like a sealed book to the enterprise and genius of the European. Long centuries before ancient civilizations had made that valley resound to their feet. They had passed away and nothing remained of them save myth and legend, and those vast mounds where they worshipped God under the symbols of fire and the sun. The rains and storms of centuries had beat upon them but not washed them away, and now great forest trees clung to them as if to consecrate them with the hoary beard of father Time. Who were the builders? What were they? Over the fairy landscape bands of wandering nomads roved. Their fathers had blotted out an ancient agricultural race in blood, long, long ago, and now they flitted about like the ghosts of better things—Ishmaelites who had no abiding place and left no mark upon the earth.

The great eye of a sleepless God was upon it. With the infinite beneficence that said, "Let there be light," he decreed that once more the grandest valley in all the world should be the home of myriads of happy men and women.

Father James Marquette, a young Frenchman of aristocratic family, born on the banks of the Oise, educated in the bosom of the church, devoted to the society of Jesus ere he reached man's estate, the inspirations of his mind seem to have grasped the genius and self-sacrifice of Loyola. It is not necessary to suppose he could have comprehended the great results of the forms of society of which he was the beginning. Cole in his imaginative paintings, the voyage of life, depicts a youth gliding down the river of time, drinking in the ever new and changeful landscape on its banks. It is a dream of a wonderful voyage, but not so wonderful as the voyage of Marquette. It was a new world, and this was its first day. He glided by the mouth of many a river that has now hundreds of towns and cities on its banks. Then a deep sleep had fallen upon it, deeper than that which fell on Adam ere Eve was created.

Four centuries before another adventurer had entered that valley from the lower end. De Soto had come with the pomp and circumstance of war. His hand was against every man, every man's hand against him. He sought another Peru or Mexico to rob. To them God seemed but to have made empires to be the victims of banditti. Discovery was a better title than possession. Avarice was the main-spring, merciless cruelty the fruit. They came flushed with great expectations, and it took years of toil, privation, and suffering to consume and destroy those hopes. Broken in body and spirit, De Soto was buried in the mighty river, and the remnant of his wretched followers were driven out of it by the men of Quegalto.

Well might the Indian warriors shout and sing as they drove out the wretched Spaniards! That victory secured them from the invaders for four generations. One hundred and forty years passed away ere the canoe Marquette floated on the river. He came in a different way. He stood among them without a weapon, the messenger of the Prince of Peace. He brought European religion and European civilization, and wherever the foot of the Frenchman touched the earth, as from seed sown, French settlements sprung up. He hauled up his pirogue near the spot where the town of Sainte Genevieve now stands, and there of that race and stock, the subject of these eulogies was born. Lewis Vital Bogy was in all things intensely a Frenchman, and yet in every element of his character as intensely the western American. A Frenchman of the better class, educated, nervous, active. He had all the polished urbanity of his race and the gentleness of a woman wedded to the hardy vigor of the frontiersman. Something in the clear, bracing western atmosphere seems to have developed a new type of man.

The old French settlements had two classes, one of great intellect, vigor, enterprise—the Lacledes, Choteaus, Bogys, Menards, Vitals. I need not enumerate; these represented the class. Their names are marked on the geography of the whole western country. There was not a locality too remote for their enterprise and business. There was not a river or lake but echoed to the paddles of their batteaus. There was not an Indian tribe so hostile or barbarous that they were not familiar with them. There was not a mountain gorge inaccessible to their genius and skill. There was not a valley where they did not build trading posts and forts. They represented the best blood of old France, the genius and power of new France. They laid the foundation of a great empire. In its vigorous youth they did their full share in its sterner battles, and as the symmetry

of our new forms of society assume their power and grandeur they hold their place, and blend into a broad new Americanism with the fragments of other nationalities, and perhaps the last distinct type that will ever enter the American Congress was LEWIS VITAL BOGY.

The other element of the early French settlements was the Arcadian peasant. A mixture of Indian inertia and French philosophic simplicity. There was old Kaskaskia, or as we used to call it, "Kasky," Cahoka, Prairie du Rocher, Sainte Genevieve, Vincennes, Cape Girardeau. Well do I remember them all when a boy. I have heard the old Kaskaskians say that after Saint Louis was started the people there came to "Kasky" to buy goods. Ah, these were the happy, primitive days. They cultivated corn in the "big field" where each family had a few acres. They caught wild ponies on the point. They worshipped in a chapel almost as old as Philadelphia, when the bell rang. They celebrated holidays and saints' days, and would observe them for any saint kind enough to give them one. Their towns were not laid out after the pattern of a multiplication table. Their lives were not mathematical problems with everything carried and nothing over. They had leisure. They were not ground in the mill of Moloch. They danced in Pewhingi to the music of Rafael Mart, and ran horse-races. Their wants were few, their labors light. They ate, they drank, they danced, and they died.

There came a change. Those who had founded hamlets and villages were swept away by those who founded cities and great States. "Kasky" lost the seat of government, the county seat. Even the sisters fled from her in the flood of 1844. The energetic and enterprising left for new centers, and "Kasky" and Cahoka became rustier than ever, and existed merely that antiquities might be said to exist in the country.

Mr. BOGY's father was born in Kaskaskia, but moved to the

town of Sainte Genevieve, which is just a few miles distant over the river. In 1766 the left bank of the Mississippi was ceded by France to Britain, and in the war of the Revolution came to the United States. The Spaniards held the country beyond the right bank. The elder Bogy was connected with the most enterprising families in both towns and held responsible positions under the Spanish government. In 1813 LEWIS VITAL BOGY was born. In early life he indicated the thrift and energy which marked his whole career and which are so sadly lacking in the youth of the present day. He began life clerking in a store at a salary of $200 a year. Then he went to study law with old Judge Pope, in Kaskaskia. He came of a stock that might well have been excused for putting on airs. Did he merely loaf around a lawyer's office under pretense of reading law? Old Judge Pope had a coal-bank on Mary's River, a dozen miles or more from Kaskaskia. There the young BOGY went part of his time, superintending the miners and reading the books selected by the judge. It was ride and tie between Sisyphus and Blackstone. I wish the young men of to-day would remember these lessons. The man who starts business in that way is very liable to succeed. Afterward he attended the law school at Lexington, Kentucky.

Entering his career at man's estate he cast his fortune in Saint Louis. He was closely identified with its struggles, growth, prosperity. Nor did he limit his work to the city. He did more than any other man to develop the mineral resources of Missouri, and for these she is chiefly famous. He expended nearly a million of dollars in building the Iron Mountain Railroad. He helped build his State, and it was fitting he should represent her. He carried to public position what he had shown in private life: business habits and a carefully trained legal mind.

Since my boyhood I have watched all the great development of the Mississippi Valley. In Saint Louis, not long ago, I left my hotel to walk out on the bridge, that grandest monument of human genius. Its foundations are a hundred feet deep in the channel of the river. Grand in its strength, beautiful in its symmetry, lifted heavenward above the mighty flood, as I stood and looked from its summit

> Visions of things that have long since fled
> Went over my brain like ghosts of the dead.

I remembered when a boy I entered that city almost forty years ago. Then when you got to Fourth and Fifth streets you came to bushes, and Choteau's pond was before you. Now I looked over that great city throbbing with the mighty struggle of commercial life. Then I remembered there was not a railroad in that country, and that we struggled in through a mud unparalleled beyond the American bottom. Now the trains thundered in on twenty railroads, and made everything quiver as they swept over the great bridge. Away down the river lay the fleets of vessels and barges. The banks were environed by elevators, warehouses, wharves. Who planted and reared this commerce? Who built this city? Who developed this power and empire in the Mississippi Valley of which that city is the signet seal? Who were they? What were they?

My mind was carried back to the primitive days of old Cahoka and Kaskaskia; to the time when the men of Saint Louis went there to buy goods; back to the time when the scattered French settlements were all there was of European civilization in the Mississippi Valley; back, back, until I could almost fancy I saw the skiff of Marquette floating down the river.

Is there value in retrospect? We clutch these fragments close to us while we breathe a prayer for the future of our country and mur-

mur: "Yesterday, to-day, and forever." Over the graves of the eminent dead, of whom these works are but the handwriting, we pause to think. My own State had its troubles with Missouri in their time, and I am too proud of that history to shed any tears on it; but, the past redeemed and sanctified, we stand by the grave to admire and sorrow with our sister State. Gratified at her prosperity, emulous of her enterprise, I for Kansas lay a chaplet of friendship and esteem on the grave of LEWIS VITAL BOGY.

Address of Mr. KNOTT, of Kentucky.

A variety of circumstances, Mr. Speaker, seems to render it peculiarly appropriate that I should avail myself of the present mournful occasion to pay a brief but just tribute to the memory of the patriot and statesmen whose public services we would gratefully commemorate and whose private virtues we would embalm forever in the records of our country for the benefit of those who are to succeed us here when we too shall have gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. He was not only a native of the State within whose borders, a friendless wanderer, I stepped upon the threshold of manhood, and whose generous people I will remember with gratitude and affection as long as the vital current animates this frame, but as the well-earned reward for a long and busy career of usefulness in her service, his brow was crowned with her brightest honors when touched by the icy finger of death.

And more than this, it was in my own native State and among those who have repeatedly honored me with a seat on this floor that he fixed the finishing links in his armor and entered upon that long and honorable career of which you have already been told so

eloquently and so truthfully by his colleagues who have preceded me. But more than all, "he was my friend, faithful and just to me."

My personal acquaintance with Mr. BOGY commenced over twenty years ago, and although the relations between us from that time to the hour of his death were of the most kind and cordial nature, what I would here record concerning the more distinguishing traits in his character shall be freed as far as possible from the tinge of partial friendship, for I know that even the voice of affection cannot "soothe the dull, cold ear of death," and I would scorn to mock the memory of my friend with the language of fulsome adulation which if living he would despise.

The most striking feature in the character of Mr. BOGY, the one which more than all others distinguished him in his public and private relations in life, the one indeed which furnishes the key to his remarkably successful career, was his earnest, active, unfaltering fealty to duty. Whether as the school-teacher in the quiet shades of a rural district in Kentucky or the busy lawyer in the teeming metropolis of his native State; whether as member of the common council of Saint Louis or of the Senate of the United States, whatever duty demanded at his hands he set himself about with all the energy of his nature and all the powers of his mind.

If duty called him to defend his conscientious convictions of truth and right, whether on the hustings or in the halls of legislation, whatever was the sacrifice to himself, whether triumph lured him with its fascinating laurels or defeat stared him sternly in the face, whatever of time or money or honest effort it might cost, he flung himself boldly into the arena and bore himself bravely and gallantly in the contest.

This unwavering fealty to duty resulted no doubt from the ardent, impulsive, generous disposition for which he was peculiarly conspic-

uous, coupled with an exquisite sense of honor which, influenced by a careful religious education, kept his conscience ever singularly sensitive to the various obligations imposed by his public and private associations.

The same ardent and impulsive temperament, while it imparted the warm glow of devoted affection to his domestic relations, made him the earnest, active, enthusiastic friend, the enterprising, public-spirited citizen, proud of the grandeur and devoted to the progress of his native State, and the Senator whose patriotism comprehended the interests and aspired to promote the prosperity of the entire country.

He died as he had lived, a faithful, conscientious, consistent member of the Catholic Church, without a single stain upon his escutcheon as a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent father, a faithful friend, a generous neighbor, a good citizen, a devoted patriot, an unsullied statesman, an honest man, and a Christian gentleman.

Address of Mr. SPARKS, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: When men die who were dignified by high trusts involving great responsibilities to the public, it is eminently fitting that our eulogies upon them should be marked by a spirit of sincerity and truthfulness. And if there were no elements of character possessed by them to arrest attention and command commendation, it were better that they should be protected by the charitable shield of silence.

Responding cordially to this sentiment and governed by a conscientious responsibility for my utterances, I deem it a duty to speak in

eulogy of the life and character of the deceased Senator, in respect for whose memory the resolutions now before us were offered.

I knew him for several years quite well, and know sufficient of his early life and peculiar characteristics to speak with some confidence of the influences that developed his active and eventful manhood.

He was a descendant of Illinois ancestors. Of him we have the somewhat astonishing announcement to make that he, a man of sixty-five years of age, was the son of native-born Illinois parents.

Senator BOGY, according to my estimate of him, was not by nature a great genius, nor was he what is popularly denominated a brilliant or highly cultivated man, and, in my judgment, to attribute these qualities to him would be not only untruthful but do injustice to his memory.

He was a western man, and possessed in a high degree the peculiar characteristics of a pioneer civilization. Born and reared in the midst of the unbroken wilderness, he was characterized by a rugged, fearless nature that marked him in every stage of life and in every pursuit in which he engaged as a strong, bold, and aggressive actor.

Such a man could not be confined to precise technical formulas nor brought within the range of severe methodical rules. But in that strength and courage that grasp and solve great practical questions of a public or private character, there were few men in this country his equal.

In the judgment of those most intimately acquainted with him and of those who cherish his memory most fondly his character was marked mainly by three distinguishing qualities: courage, integrity, and Christian faith.

As to his courage, no man who ever looked into his eye and caught a gleam of its firm and fixed determination could doubt that its pos-

sessor was a man strong in purpose and fearless in execution, one whose objects sustained by conscientious convictions would be asserted with a resolution and intrepidity that no ordinary obstructions could defeat.

His integrity is written upon every page of a long life illustrated by prominent public action and varied and important business enterprises, during the whole course of which, in the language of his successor in the Senate, who had known him intimately for more than a third of a century, "his personal integrity and high sense of honor were never questioned."

Senator BOGY was also a man of deep and earnest convictions, and these convictions, always formed cautiously and with painstaking care, became to him fixed and lasting rules of action.

In this connection I propose briefly to speak of his Christian faith. His family were of French origin, and all of them of the Roman Catholic religion. It was, therefore, his inherited faith. Baptized in infancy by a priest of that church and nurtured carefully in childhood by a devout and pious mother, he became ardently devoted to it. In fact, it was in his religion more strongly than elsewhere that we have a striking proof of his strong, inflexible nature. To it he clung with an unyielding tenacity and a sincere and ardent devotion through the whole course of a busy and eventful life. Tolerant always of the opinions of others on all subjects, the special advocate of an unlimited religious toleration, and in all things fully up to the progressive age in which he lived, for himself he demanded, as a Christian man, the right to worship God according to his own conscience; and in the exercise of that right he sought his spiritual guide in the communion of the church that represented the faith of his ancestors. To him a reformation that attacked the dogmas of faith of the universal church was a revolution, which, however kindly his

sympathies might be extended toward the sincere and pious men who proclaimed it, was a source of division and discord, fruitful only of disorganizing and disintegrating influences.

To him the church of his fathers was really and truly a "rule and guide of faith," and a refuge secure and safe from the storms of rival contentions and of angry disputations. To him it was the amplification and ever-existing representatives of the faith of the small circle of humble followers who stood around the Great Master on the borders of the Sea of Galilee and received from His divine lips the exalted Christian commission of unity, sanctity, apostolicity, and catholicity.

To a man possessed of a moral courage like his and with convictions such as these, angry protestations and sneering denials were each and all alike unavailing.

Sir, this is not a fitting place nor appropriate occasion to enter the field of religious controversy to determine whether his faith was wisely or unwisely founded; but I submit, with much confidence in the favorable judgment of the good men of every creed, that its sincerity and ardent zeal demand the highest admiration.

Mr. Speaker, I am quite sure that it would be a consolation to us if we could now know that, when the deep shadows of death shall have obscured us, kind friends could then truthfully say that in life we possessed that courage that never quailed in human presence; that, panoplied in the strength of an honest manhood, we always asserted and maintained a fearless and undaunted equality; but that, in the presence of the Great Judge, with head uncovered and heart deeply humbled, we yielded ever the obedience and devotion of little children.

Sir, we would like, when that solemn hour comes, that it could be truthfully said of us that, with an unwavering faith and a trust

and confidence that no storms could shake, we embarked on the mystic river without a doubt and without a fear as to the bright harbor to be reached on its unseen shore beyond.

I feel, sir, on this occasion and in this presence, that so far as human knowledge extends, I am warranted in saying this of Senator BOGY.

Address of Mr. THROCKMORTON, of Texas.

Mr. SPEAKER: As a friend of the lamented Senator whose death we this day deplore, I propose to contribute something that may serve, in a slight degree, to perpetuate in the memory of those who are to come after us the high qualities of head and heart possessed by that good and amiable man.

As the executive of Texas during a period of the deepest gloom and humiliation of the people, it became my duty to open a correspondence with the national authorities relative to the Indians on the borders of that State; that correspondence touching not only the conduct of the wild tribes then making war on our people, but also the condition of small bands who had never lifted their hands against the white race of the country, but who had by their long and sturdy friendship for the white people provoked and brought upon themselves the hatred and deadly enmity of the hostile tribes.

Senator BOGY was at that time Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and through my correspondence with him my first acquaintance was formed and my first conception of his high qualities of character derived.

The position held was one of grave responsibility, and its duties then, as now, were both delicate and difficult. The officer charged with the supervision of the relations existing between the Govern-

ment and the people of the United States and the aboriginal nations of the country, embracing in the aggregate three hundred thousand souls, distributed into a great number of tribes and scattered along a border extending from Texas to Alaska and covering an area of many thousands of miles, should be possessed of the highest order of administrative ability, coupled with a humane heart and a mind of rare discrimination. Such characteristics I believe belonged to Senator BOGY in an eminent degree.

The partial acquaintance formed under the circumstances to which I have referred was renewed and ripened when we subsequently met in these halls, he as a Senator and I as a Representative of our respective States.

The favorable estimate originally formed of his character was strengthened and confirmed by subsequent personal intercourse and by a somewhat close observation of his career as a public man.

He exhibited the same fullness and thoroughness of information upon public affairs, the same healthful, sober judgment of public measures, the same appreciation of the wants of the country and tender consideration of the claims of humanity, and the same resolute and independent discharge of the duties of public trust that I had before ascribed to him.

In no one degree was I disappointed, but the estimate I had formed of his character was heightened by a personal acquaintance.

Senator BOGY did not dazzle the country with his eloquence, nor attract attention to himself by sensational utterances or startling departures from the methods of the fathers, but he did impress upon the popular mind broad, generous, and humane views; did enlighten counsel, stimulate hope, and inspire confidence in the fortunes of the Republic by the brave, patient, and hopeful spirit that marked his public life.

As a public man he was fully alive to the wants of his own State, considerate and thoughtful of the necessities of the great West, an ardent advocate of liberal measures on the part of the General Government calculated to promote the commerce of the Mississippi Valley, and warmly advocating such action on the part of the Government as would insure a speedy connection by means of railways between the Mississippi River and the distant States and Territories of the Government. But, ardent as he was in favor of measures promotive of the interests of his own immediate section, his patriotism and statesmanship were broad and liberal enough to embrace every section of our country.

He was tenacious of his views, earnest in the advocacy of what he believed to be right, and energetic in whatever he undertook to accomplish.

Senator BOGY was honest and capable. In his death the National Legislature has lost one of its most industrious and useful members and the country a citizen of the loftiest character, whose intelligent and conscientious discharge of duty entitles him to the love and respect of his countrymen.

Address of Mr. CLARK, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: I should be unmindful of the strong promptings of love for a dead friend and indifferent to the duty I owe to the State which honored Senator BOGY with its highest trust, if I did not avail myself of the privilege of this occasion to testify my appreciation of his private worth and public virtues.

Senator BOGY was a native Missourian, having been born at the French town of Sainte Genevieve in the year 1813, seven years

before the admission of the State of Missouri into the Union. He came of ancestors who settled in the far West more than a hundred years ago. While he was denied the opportunity and advantage of early intellectual training, he inherited that bold, self-reliant, and aspiring manhood which so distinguished those daring *voyageurs* who conquered the great West from savage dominion and gave it to this generation to refine and build up into the wondrous civilization which the Mississippi Valley presents to-day.

From this rude and unpromising beginning he began his life-work with the energy and hopefulness of one who aspires to great achievements. When a boy he commenced the rigid system of self-culture and discipline which expanded a mind naturally strong so that he attained in early manhood a breadth and comprehensiveness of mind which made him a marked man in the political struggles of his State and gave promise of his future eminence. He was ambitious to be of service to his country but never a place-hunter, and was frequently chosen by his political friends to lead the forlorn hope of certain defeat, on which occasions he came to the front of battle upholding the banner of his party with a firmness and gallantry of the trained veteran. He was unusually active in his temperament, and took a deep interest in all that concerned his State, ever on the alert to defeat a policy which menaced the interests of his constituents and unflinching in his zeal in the advocacy of all great measures which promised the development of industrial enterprise.

While he was full of that sweet charity which made him tolerant of the opinions of others, always treating a political opponent with the most refined and princely courtesy, he was lion-like in his courage and firm as the rock in the conviction that the fundamental principles of his party were the perfection of republican govern-

ment, always finding him their consistent and uncompromising adherent—not the blind and blatant adherence of the demagogue, but the earnest, conscientious follower of the convictions of his judgment. As in private life he acknowledged no higher law than devotion to duty, in political action he knew no higher law than the Constitution of his country, and sought only to satisfy his ambition by a faithful and laborious discharge of the trusts confided to his keeping. Hence his views of public policy were generous, broad, and statesmanlike, looking to the good of his whole country rather than to classes and sections.

He was not a finished speaker, but a rare and fascinating talker, and never failed to impress his views, both in conversation and debate, with marked originality and force. With these characteristics he justly earned a national reputation during his short career in the United States Senate as an able and conscientious representative of his State.

But as his public life and acts have been fully treated of by distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me, I turn from that field to the more inviting and congenial theme of his private and social virtues, for it is with these that our dead friend is especially embalmed in our memory. It is a task of love to speak of him as a friend, as a companion as well as a teacher and inspirer of laudable ambitions of his young associates, as the substantial friend of the weak and defenceless, the helper of the helpless, and as one of God's almoners of all the sweet charities of life.

Few can miss the light of his presence and his unobtrusive counsel more than myself, who had learned not only to honor the sincerity of his purpose, his unswerving integrity, his fidelity to friends and convictions, but to love and revere him for his sweet amiability of character, his goodness of heart, his unaffected piety, in short

for all those qualities which rescue human nature from the sneers of the bad and cynical. He was a Missourian, proud of the State of his nativity and I justly proud of its confidence in him, always turning with a lover's eyes to the friends who had lifted him from obscurity to the highest honors in their gift. He had a keen sense of honor, with a sovereign and unfeigning contempt for all that was little and mean, and in the fearless loyalty of his heart never deserted a friend.

But it was with the home-bred charities of the heart, in the sweet retiracy of domestic endearments, that our friend's character chiefly claims our admiration, always returning with ever-increasing relish to the delights and enjoyments of that sacred *penetralia* where loving wife and children pined for his return.

When from his stricken associate at Richmond, Indiana, there reached him in the last days of his tenancy of a sorely-racked body a telegraphic message expressing solicitude to learn that he was improving, his eye lighted up with a smile of forgiveness and sympathy as he dictated an assuring response. Both, as it were, clasping forgiving hands on the borders of the unknown, have passed out to the pale realms from which we receive no responses, no tidings. The one, almost for a life-time in the forefront of battle, has been extravagantly praised and censoriously censured. The other, entering official life but a few years ago, had but just begun to fulfill the expectancy of watchful friends.

Opportunity, the handmaid of renown, had waited upon the one, and it was the belief of friends who knew Senator BOGY well in that greatest of arenas, the Senate, he would have found his opportunity, had he been spared longer for the battle. Missouri may send men of equal or greater ability to that august body to which she has accredited a Benton, a Green, a Linn, and a Geyer, but she

will never place there a man of purer purpose, of a more exalted conception of his duties and responsibilities as a representative, of a more unbending integrity or unflinching patriotism than he whose loss we deplore, and whose memory we now commemorate.

Address of Mr. ELLIS, of Louisiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: The lateness of the hour and the knowledge that others who perhaps can speak more intelligently than myself of the virtues of the illustrious dead are to follow me warns me that I must be brief. These virtues have been recited by tongues far more eloquent than mine. Missouri has come, and from the lips of her distinguished sons, who so well represent her honor and her interest, has voiced the great woe she feels as she stands to-day above the open-mouthed grave of her illustrious son. Other commonwealths have come, neighboring commonwealths, represented by those who knew the illustrious Senator better than myself and have spoken of him words that I wish I might as fittingly speak. But I do not deem it inappropriate that the voice of Louisiana should swell this funeral cry that goes up to-day, and that her tears should mingle with those that are falling upon this bier, for I do remember, sir, that when she was voiceless and silent here, when she was misrepresented at the other end of the Capitol, that Senator BOGY, in the hour of her peril and her trial, held with well-nerved arm the ægis of the Constitution above her stricken form and spoke brave and great words for her disenthrallment and for her peace.

Mr. Speaker, it was not my fortune to have known Senator BOGY intimately. When I came here to take my seat among the humblest of the members of the Forty-fourth Congress I met him and had that casual acquaintance with him which the members of

the respective branches of Congress often have where no particular business interests or social opportunities bring them together closely. It was not until the unpleasant prominence into which my State was forced by her peculiar relations to the electoral count and to all the exciting questions growing out of the last Presidential election, and when Senator BOGY appealed to me for some knowledge of her laws and statutes that I knew him well.

Afterward a measure of great importance to the entire Mississippi Valley drew us together, and it was then that I learned to measure him and to appreciate him. As briefly as I can, Mr. Speaker, I propose to utter now my estimation of him. As a man I found him frank, brave, and truthful. He was brave enough to stand alone when he believed he was right. When his convictions and his judgments combined told him that he was right he never counted friends, neither did he number his opposing foes.

I found him ever honest. I discovered that perhaps from his origin and because of the stirring pioneer scenes and associations of his early life, there was in him that rugged honesty which never would bend to the suple requirements of this late day. I saw, too, the grand and salient features of that Spartan integrity which never could be effaced or toned down from their original proportions.

Born of French ancestry he was ardent, impulsive, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic; quick to resent an injury, and yet ever ready to forgive when the *amende* was made. I found him always ready to extend the hand of friendship and kindness to the younger members of this House who gathered about him, and I was indebted to him more than once for much of friendly counsel and advice with regard to my own course.

The virtues of Senator BOGY, as son, as husband, and as father, have been spoken of here. There is one noble and beautiful trait

of his character which it is well for us all to recall and to remember; that which was so eloquently and beautifully alluded to by my friend from North Carolina, [Mr. Waddell,] who has already spoken. It was his love for his mother. Mr. Speaker, it too often happens that we, especially when fortune and fame smile upon us, are apt to forget her who gave us birth, or to think lightly and carelessly of that beautiful dream of our childhood; to be unmindful of that love which follows us everywhere, which smiles when we smile, which weeps when we weep, which comes to us when sorrow, misfortune, even when guilt or shame may overtake us; which wraps us in the immortal mantle of her affection, seeing only her child, refusing to believe the appearance or even the proof of guilt. Or if we do not forget, we remember only when the world has grown so dark and life so weary, when there come memories of misspent hours, of wasted time, of neglected opportunities, when innocence and youth seems so far away. In those weary times it is that we call out to her even as we do to God; that we would bring back this beautiful vision of our childhood, that we would woo her from the shadowy past; that we confess to her how weary we are of "sowing that others may reap," of "flinging away our soul's wealth," and ask her to take us back to her breast and make us all young and loving and innocent again.

Senator BOGY never forgot his mother. He kept his promise to her; he realized the pledge of his boyhood, and laid at her feet his commission as United States Senator. To him maternal love was a steady lamp that shone all through his life and was a guide to his footsteps. To him it was a hallowed memory that kept his heart ever fresh, warm, and pure. His devotion to his child has already been spoken of. It is said by those who knew him well that the first sign of his decay in himself occurred after the death of his

beloved daughter. Like a careful gardener who has seen some beautiful plant grow up beneath his care, has noted its petals open and unfold into beautiful maturity, and when it dies he almost wishes to die with it; and in its decay takes prophetic premonition of his own approaching end; or like some vine that has clung so closely about the trunk of the oak until the two lives are absolutely intermingled and interwoven, when torn rudely and violently away it leaves its parent-tree a prey to enemies that turn its strength to decay and wither all its glories. So, when the rude hand of death tore his child away from Senator BOGY's heart, it sent its own fatal chill to the fountain of that great and noble life.

As a legislator Senator BOGY was a man of large, liberal, and enlightened views. Particularly was he devoted to the interests of the great Mississippi Valley. Surely never did the heart of Israel's prophet kindle at the thought of that Jordan-watered land which had been given by God to him and his children, as a heritage to them forever, more than did the heart of Senator BOGY kindle at the splendid possibilities of that fertile land whose ribs form the water-sheds of continents, whose chief life-vein is that rushing inland Mississippi sea, whose blood valves are lakes with voice and expanse like oceans; whose soil is the breast from which the famished nations of the world can gather and draw sustenance. It was to the interests of this valley, to the splendid possibilities of that portion of our land that his heart ever turned with delight. Particularly do I remember how he noted carefully the progress made in the improvements at the mouth of the great river.

I well recall me now with what enthusiasm he talked of the day when, beneath the genius of Eads, the water of that mighty stream should cut the last shackle that binds the imperial West and the majestic South to the car-wheels of insolent monopoly, and free

them; when the great brown-winged and black-breasted birds of commerce, no matter how heavily laden, might, from ocean's rugged breast to river's peaceful bosom, come and go, and furl their storm-bronzed wings by the wharves of the great cities that margin the border of the stream.

How vividly also do I recall his tireless endeavor for the development of our commercial resources. He properly divined the cause of the stagnation of business. He saw with true and just eye why it was that furnace-fires were dying; why it was that industry's strong arm was falling in helpless paralysis, and why, in this land of plenty, there was a cry for bread and labor. He knew that it was the overstimulated productive powers of the country and the inadequate commercial circulation; and he knew that we must have a market for our surplus products or that stagnation and paralysis would still continue. Therefore he was very urgent in his advocacy of a line of steamers to Brazil; and he spoke to me of the shame which should mantle the brow of every American that the American flag was almost unknown in the balmy winds of those tropic seas and that the commerce of that rich South American country should be gathered by people who live so far away that the sun never shines on both lands at once, while we, basking in the same sun-bath with those South American states, had no commerce with them and were almost excluded from their ports. It was due to his energy and his tireless perseverance that that measure passed the Senate. And though that measure suffered strangulation in the close grip of this economical House, yet none the less credit is due to the tireless energy, patience, and statesmanlike foresight of Senator BOGY in urging this measure.

Mr. Speaker, his friends do not claim for him that he was a great orator, yet I remember that once when assailed in the Senate of the

United States he spoke with energy, with truth, with earnestness, with that flash of eye and ring of voice and that enthusiasm of manner which then lifted him almost to the heights of sublime eloquence. Nor do I claim for him that he was one of those Vulcans, the sturdy ring of whose strokes is heard adown the centuries, beating out great thoughts and great principles. The demands of these times are rather for the earnest, plodding man of detail, the industrious man of detail and of labor, than for the man of dazzling genius. It is harder to be a giant than it was in the days agone. Owen Meredith, in Lucille, has very beautifully and truthfully said:

> The dwarf on the dead giant's shoulders sees more
> Than the live giant's eye-sight availed to explore.

The rapid transit of news and intelligence, the easy commingling of remote people, the teeming printing-press, the thousands of books, and the easy acquisition of knowledge have raised the masses. The level of the people is higher and it is more difficult for your giant to appear above the mass than in former days. The demand of these times, as I have said, is for the man of labor, the man of detail, the man of care, the man of method, the man close enough to his people to see their wants and necessities and with the tireless energy to supply those wants and necessities. Senator BOGY was that kind of man; and if he filled full well the measure of his life, if his strength was as his days demanded, then what prouder tribute could be paid to the greatest man in the annals of the race?

The gifted and tender Dickens, above the grave of a young and lovely being, whose life was all a God-written poem, has said:

> When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he sets the panting spirit free, a thousand virtues rise in shapes of mercy, love, and truth to walk the earth and bless it. Of every tear that surviving mortals shed o'er such green graves some good is born, some guileless nature comes. In the destroyer's pathway there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark pathway becomes a way of light to heaven.

The thought is a very beautiful one; and if we may extend the spirit of the thought, then, indeed, will not from this grave of Senator BOGY arise splendid forms of integrity, impulses of honesty and of truth, of nobility of character that shall be felt by the generations that are to follow? Though dead, will he not speak to the people who are to come after him?

There is one sweet thought for his friends. About his grave may gather with unfeigned regret (every bitterness vanished, every partisan feeling gone) men of every race, men of every shade of political opinion, men of all political parties. Mr. Speaker, if he gave hard blows they were always in defense of the Constitution of his country or of the weak and the oppressed. No plundered commonwealth stands above his grave to-day with burning memories and with bitter tears feeling how great the burden of that charity which bids them be silent and forbids the impulse to crown his grave with the immortelles of abiding hate. No, no; above Senator BOGY'S grave there lives no bitter thought or memory.

Mr. Speaker, let us endeavor to emulate his virtue; let us endeavor to so live that we may hear the call of the Great Reaper even as he heard it, calling us away to the spirit land, and that we may go as he did, "not like the quarry slave, scourged to his dungeon," but rather—

> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Address of Mr. REA, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: The services of this hour furnish material for solemn reflection.

The nation's Representatives in this Hall to-day render just tribute to the memory of LEWIS VITAL BOGY, late a Senator from the State of Missouri.

He died at his residence in the city of Saint Louis on the 20th day of September, 1877, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

He was born on the 9th day of April, 1813, in Sainte Genevieve, now Sainte Genevieve County, in the State of Missouri, and was of French descent. His opportunities in early life for the acquisition of an education were meager, but he industriously availed himself of such means of education as the schools in that new country afforded.

He read law in the office of the late Nathaniel Pope, judge of the United States district court, and afterward became a student in the law school at Lexington, Kentucky, where he graduated in 1835. Soon after he had graduated, he opened an office in Saint Louis and entered upon the practice of law with success.

He held a number of positions of honor and trust in his city and State, and also under the Federal Government prior to his election to the Senate of the United States in 1873, all of which he filled with honor to himself and his country. It is said of him that more than forty years before he was elected Senator he formed the determination to qualify himself for the Senate and to work for that end until he arrived at the age of sixty years if necessary to obtain the coveted position. This was a laudable and honorable ambition, and amidst all the vicissitudes and uncertainties of this life he lived to gratify that ambition.

Although I lived in the same State with the deceased for about one-third of a century I did not form his personal acquaintance until in the month of February, 1875, when I met him in this city. During the Forty-fourth Congress, while I was a member of this House and he a member of the Senate, he and I became well and intimately acquainted. I often during that time visited his rooms, and always found him agreeable and courteous. The more I became acquainted with him the more I appreciated his qualities of head and heart.

I believe he was a patriot and sincerely desired the peace and prosperity of the people, not only of his own State, but of the whole Union. He took a deep interest in public questions and had an opinion upon almost every question.

In my judgment he was conservative in his political views and was deeply impressed with the necessity of peace and a full restoration of confidence and good-will between the people of the North and South, under the Constitution and laws, and believed that pacific measures were best calculated to promote the desired end.

He was a man of more than ordinary ability, with strong convictions, and was ever quick and ready to defend and maintain those convictions; always bold, but courteous in debate.

Mr. Speaker, we are reminded upon this occasion of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death; of the truth of the inspired words, "it is appointed unto men once to die." To this proposition the minds of all yield a willing assent; there is no dispute as to its truth.

The graves of countless millions who have passed beyond the river of life into the valley of death, and the evidences of decay among the living, of those laboring under disease and old age, all verify the universally accepted truth that all men must die.

The path of life is strewn with innumerable dangers all along its wending way. The enemies and destroyers of human life are countless, and are concealed in secret ambush all along the journey of life from the cradle to the grave, ever ready to seize upon their victims.

When we contemplate the innumerable dangers to which our lives have been subjected as we journeyed along, we are terror-stricken and wonder that we are still living. How many hair-breadth escapes has each one of us undergone! Each one can recall many incidents of danger to his life, but it is doubtless true that the life of every individual has been exposed to an innumerable number of dangers that were and are unknown. We are ready to exclaim that in the midst of life we are in death. Death and decay are all around us.

The living should contemplate the shortness of human life. When they do so they will be admonished that there is no time to be wasted in idleness or in doing that which is worse. Compare the duration of the life of man with the duration of time as known to the human mind by and through the agencies of history and science, and how infinitesimal it becomes. In an effort to compare the duration of human life with the boundless and illimitable eternity, the human mind is lost in incomprehensibility.

Oh, how little time there is for man to work. How short the time in this life for the growth of the human mind and the acquisition of knowledge and wisdom. How short the time for doing good. There is no time for doing evil without irreparable loss. These is no time for idleness and inattention. We are admonished to "work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." In the terse language of Prentiss:

There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to the dust; we flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the leaves that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throngs the world to-day will disappear as the footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose loving smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to lie down in the damp grave, even with princes as bed-fellows.

In the beautiful language of the poet:

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave.
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Mr. Speaker, LEWIS VITAL BOGY is dead. His voice will be heard no more in the other end of this Capitol, neither will his voice again be heard in the social circle, nor in the place most sacred to all the good, the family circle. His lips are sealed in death. His body sleeps in Calvary Cemetery, in the suburbs of the city of Saint Louis. The people of my beloved State mourn his loss. Peace be to his spirit.

Address of Mr. CRITTENDEN, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: Death has invaded the Senate of the United States in two notable instances since the last Congress adjourned. Indiana and Missouri have deeply felt the intrusion, and in their common sorrow have been drawn together as loving mothers to mourn the death of their honored Senators. Death is a common leveler of all. It enters the palace of the rich and the hovel of the

poor with the same indifferent step and the loved ones of such fade away under its touch into the dust of the valley. Senators and statesmen upon whose words millions have hung with eager ears in their fierce forensic combats for fame, for policies, and power, are as unable to resist its mandates as the babe that sleeps in its weakness upon its mother's bosom. It is the most successful conqueror of all. It awaits the triumph of earth's greatest leaders until the applause of mankind has made its hero drunken with praise, and then by its touch it scatters the weak ones and makes the great and the strong waste away as the morning dew. No mortal was nor will ever be beyond its reach. As the first man, so must the last be obedient to its jurisdiction. Whenever it appears in this Hall or elsewhere, how deeply hushed is the voice of anger, how still is the pen of censure!

This is a beautiful trait in human nature. All are willing that the evils done in this life shall be buried in the grave of the decedent, and his virtues only be left to bloom and blossom over the paths of the living. These two Senators had their faults like mankind in general, were full of the frailties of human nature, yet they each possessed many eminent virtues. In battle they were the fiercest warriors; in moments of truce they were as calm and gentle toward each other as men of force and gallantry always are. They stood as resolute and uncompromising leaders in the Senate only a few months ago, contending like giants for the great stake of the Presidency, giving and receiving blows that shook our country from verge to center, and almost caused—

> Red battle to stamp her foot and nations feel the shock,

each in all probability incurring the fatal disease in the struggle. And yet, when the controversy was over and the victory won, in the contest of words and law rather than in blood and pain, both

retired from the scene, that grand *gaudia certaminis*, wearied and worn, never to return again. They were friends when in the Senate, and greater friends upon their death-beds. The one was confined during his last illness at Richmond, Indiana, and the other at Saint Louis, Missouri. Each was daily inquisitive about the condition of the other, and as each grew worse words of comfort and confidence passed by mail and by wire from one to the other. Governor MORTON'S last telegram to Senator BOGY was received a few moments after the latter had died, and when so advised, he was deeply affected and murmured a short prayer for his peaceful rest. Missouri, in the presence of her dead Senator, tenders to Indiana her words of grief and sorrow, and here renews the hope that the elevated friendship that existed between their Senators in life, and so beautifully closed with their deaths, should be but the commencement of a broader and deeper friendship between the peoples of these two great Western States, so grandly situated for agricultural and commercial purposes, and which are already bound together by so many ties of blood, interest, and commerce.

Governor MORTON was the extraordinary man of this age. He never followed in anything; always led with surpassing ability and boldness. His great State will rally around his name as Kentucky does around that of Mr. Clay. When in battle of words, he hit hard licks, as such battles with him meant war and war meant blood. In the social circle he was as kind and gentle as a woman, always pleasing, never provoking. Although directing millions of money he never polluted his fingers with one dollar that did not belong to him. He had great faults, he had great virtues. Peace to OLIVER P. MORTON!

Indiana and Missouri are two great factors in national supremacy, located as they are in the center of an immense empire. As the

streams of each mingle together at last in one grand river and are forever lost in that one, diversified although they may once have been in their native States, so may our struggles, our hopes, our interests, at last be centered in our national greatness, and all be richly consummated in a "Union, one and inseparable, now and forever." Castellar, that man of genius and humanity, said in a letter of condolence to Madame Thiers, after the death of her world-renowned husband:

> France loses her first statesman, liberty her most prudent defender, the republic its recognized leader, Europe a glorious name which holds a foremost title on the continent, humanity one of its lights which by their brightness paled the stars of heaven, less luminous than great souls.

This is the language of human apotheosis unfitted to our age, our people, our country. Yet to-day, over the freshly-made graves of the deceased Senators, there are followers of each who are willing to reiterate the same language about their deceased leaders. It may be the sentimentalism of love, to a certain extent, from bruised hearts and lacerated feelings poured forth in words of praise in their moments of sorrow. Yet it is not manly to condemn such admiration, as it is the noblest sentiment of human nature that survives the fall. It is natural to love our dead, whether our own blood, our kindred, or our leaders. Men differed as to the honesty, sagacity, and ability of each of those Senators, and in moments of excitement severely criticised their public and private acts; but as they have been gathered to their reward, where mistakes are never made, judgments never reversed, we should bid them live forever unvexed and unwearied by the song of praise or the criminations of language. They are beyond the reach of either.

> Can storied urn or animated bust,
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

The praises of the dead never fret the living. So with each no words of contention will be provoked. The verge of the grave should ever be the limit of severe criticism. When God's voice is heard man's should be stilled.

Senator BOGY died at his residence in Saint Louis on the 20th day of September, 1877, in full possession of his mental faculties, surrounded by his family, his friends, and his church, that great ministering angel which stands to-day and has for eighteen centuries stood at the bedside of the living and the dying on every continent, under every sun, ever pointing in solemn majesty to Him who is the resurrection and the life. Senator BOGY was well known in Missouri, was greatly respected in every part of it. He was born in Sainte Genevieve, Missouri, on the 9th day of April, 1813, in the midst of the most cultivated part of the then Territory of Missouri. His advantages for education at that early day, in that sparsely-settled part of the country were limited. He availed himself of the best school within his reach and means, a Catholic school at Perryville, Missouri, and soon by his energy and ability became one of the best scholars in that unpretentious school. At the age of fourteen he became a victim to white-swelling in his right leg, which so completely prostrated him for eighteen months that he was unable to leave his bed.

It was during those long, painful months that he filled his mind with those rich stores of history, legend, and song which ever afterward made him the autocrat in the social circle, at the bar, in the forum, in the Senate. His attending physician during his illness was Dr. Lewis F. Linn, an accomplished gentleman and surgeon, who afterward became United States Senator from Missouri. Dr. Linn, discovering in his suffering patient a boy of rare promise, of strong mind, of graceful manners, of sweet voice, of genial disposi-

tion, of ambitious hopes, at once advised him to study law. He consulted his parents about the important step, and they, acquiescing in the proposition, sent him with an old family friend, William Shannon, to Kaskaskia, Illinois, to pursue the study with Nathaniel Pope, then judge of the United States district court and possessing the best law and miscellaneous library in that section of the country. Young BOGY, without undue pride, properly measuring his own inherent powers and feeling the deep impulses of his own aspirations to make a man worthy of the hopes of his parents and friends, wrote and sent to his mother the following letter, so significant, so plain, so worthy of imitation by the young men of our land:

STE. GENEVIEVE, *January 16, 1832.*

On this day I left home under charge of Mr. William Shannon, an old friend of my father, to go to Kaskaskia to read law in the office of Judge Pope. My education is limited, but with hard study I may overcome it. I am determined to try; and my intention is to return to my native State to practice law if I can qualify myself, and, while doing so to work to become United States Senator for my native State and to work for this until I am sixty years old. I will pray God to give me the resolution to persevere in this intention. I have communicated this to my mother and given her this paper to keep, so help me God.

LEWIS V. BOGY.

This is but another instance of what determination and application can do. No boy, in this or any age, ever determined with a bold and tireless resolution to accomplish any fact, reach any point, attain any position in life, that it was not done. The resolution must not be a feeble one, the licks struck must not be feeble ones, such as bend pins or crush straws, but must be that faith that removes mountains, the resolution that surmounts all obstacles, the blows that weld great pieces of iron together, the will that says there is no such word as "fail." Who but a mother, sweet blessed mother, would have preserved for so many long years that little parcel of paper, written in a boyish hand, inspired by a boyish dream, so worthless then, so valuable after its fulfillment? Others would have thrown it aside as the dreamings of a visionary boy,

but that mother laid it away, embalmed in her sacred tears, with a mother's prayers, with a mother's hopes. How often are a mother's hopes, a mother's tears the premonition "of coming events."

Mrs. Bogy died before the son commenced his upward career, before he became "United States Senator for his native State." No man ever had truer, bolder, wiser friends anywhere than Senator BOGY had in Southeast Missouri, and those people never had a truer, nobler, wiser defender than Senator BOGY. Such friendship, such fidelity is worthy of the people, is worthy of their leader. They made the boy a Senator and he made himself an eloquent defender of them. People as well as occasions make some men great, in fact, create men for great purposes. The enthusiasm of the French made Napoleon great, and he in return made France great by reason of that enthusiasm. If Senator BOGY was not possessed of a national reputation when elected Senator from his native State, he was familiarly known all over the State, he had served in the Legislature of Missouri, and was the equal and peer of such men as Blair, Rollins, Doniphan, and Hall, as brave, eloquent, and able men as ever graced the forum of any State.

Early imbibing whig doctrines from such leaders as Clay, Webster, Clayton, and Ewing, he was ever ready to defend all legitimate schemes of internal and foreign commerce, and to him we in Missouri owe much gratitude for the advanced position of our railroad and manufacturing systems, for he believed, as far back as 1832, that "Missouri was destined to become the leading Commonwealth of the Union." He had great and abiding faith in Missouri, her external and internal wealth, her immense capacities and possibilities, and had not the evils of unwise financial legislation rested so heavily upon her his brightest anticipations would have been realized in his lifetime. He loved his native State with childish idolatry, and

would resent any reflection upon its capacity or honor, its intelligence and its morality. When a law student at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1834, a New England minister who had been traveling through Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri delivered a lecture on the "Far West" at Lexington, and spoke disparagingly of Saint Louis, "its commerce and business," of its religion and morality, of the abandoned character of the Jews, French, and Catholic church. Mr. BOGY, then only about twenty years old, was in the audience, which was large and intelligent. He listened to the lecturer with some patience until he animadverted upon the women of his State with unbecoming severity, which so aroused the fiery zeal of his nature that he jumped from his seat and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Now, stop, sir! I pronounce what you say about Saint Louis and its people an absolute falsehood."

There was great consternation. The minister was staggered. He paused some time and then expressed a hope that he would not meet again with such a rude and unwonted interruption. Mr. BOGY'S friends tried to quiet him, but he got up again and said, "As long as you only slandered men I could stand it, but when you speak of my countrywomen in the way you did I had to rebuke you and shall do so again if you dare to insult them again." There was a distinct murmur of applause in the audience, and the minister brought his lecture to a rather premature close.

It was the spirit of the man developed in the boy at that early age. It exhibited itself in every phase of his life, whether in the schoolroom, at the bar, in the Legislature, or in the Senate of the United States. No clearer sentences ever rang out upon the ear of the Senate than when, in a moment of great national excitement, he said:

Sir, the names of Jeffreys and Norbury have come down to us in English history for ages past, covered with disgrace and shame because they were corrupt judges; and the name of that man who changed his vote upon that commission so as to change the votes of Florida from Tilden to Hayes [Justice Bradley] will go down to after ages covered with equal shame and disgrace. His name will be associated with Norbury and Jeffreys, linked together by a chain of infamy, and never will it be pronounced without a hiss from all good men in this country.

As to the policy or impolicy of the utterance I have nothing to say at this time. I only use it as an illustration of his boldness and fearlessness when he believed a great wrong was being done.

Senator BOGY was a man of enlarged views; nothing small or illiberal about him; never looking for motes or blemishes in the character of any man, never questioning the character of any one without cause; never making unbecoming remarks about ladies, ever treating them with knightly courtesy and unsuspecting confidence; as gentle and kind to children as a mother, and always ready to view human nature with a half closed eye, and was ever more ready to defend than to prosecute, to justify than to vilify; had but little patience with a man claiming to be without faults, without regrets, for he said no man could be good without having feelings of regret every day of his life because of some inconsiderate expression, some rash act. He possessed an unusually well balanced mind and temper; seldom irritated or irritable, always bright and cheerful at his own fireside and in the social circle, believing, as I have often heard him say, that life was too short for a man to make himself or others miserable by harsh remarks and vulgar passions; although a warm partisan, ever ready to defend his political and religious creeds with chivalrous alacrity, yet his urbanity and earnestness were so distinguished as to secure even the respect of his opponents. He had few enemies anywhere, many friends everywhere. His life was full of sweetness at home and abroad, ever marking him as a prince and a gentleman, a patriot and a Christian, a statesman and a Senator; never, even in the last days of his life, when misfortunes gathered fast and thick around him, when the sharpened pains of the fatal disease were less than the pangs of a troubled mind, forgetting that he was a gentleman and a Senator. Such a man cannot be unmade, cannot be broken down.

> Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king.

His life was a model one, worthy of severe imitation by the old

as well as the young, and his memory should long be treasured in our own great State. His life may not have been as resplendent with some one marked deed, some one noted charity, some one brilliant speech as often gave great reputation to some men; but it was filled all the way from manhood to the grave with thousands of noble deeds, thousands of heaven-recognized charities, and countless speeches of the sweetest purity and happiest results. He has left his impress on society, that will long survive him and be a rich heritage to his children.

Mr. Speaker, noble deeds will be reported, distinguished services will be remembered, the works of good men follow them. Some one has uttered the golden thought that—

> The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its track upon the mountain, the river its channel in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf its modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulcher in the sand or stone; not a foot steps in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march, and every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of its fellows. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

Senator BOGY as a Senator never forgot that he was once an unknown school-teacher in the mountains of Kentucky; and the lessons he then learned made him in after-life, when the applause of listening Senators honored his career, considerate of and kind to young men struggling against the decrees of adversity. He never forgot that he was once poor, once unknown, once "without a local habitation or a name." Vulgar minds, vulgar natures, only do. Beshal Hall once said:

> Sweet the destiny of all trades, whether of the plow or the mind. Men who have raised themselves from a humble calling need not be ashamed, but rather ought to be proud, because of the difficulties they have surmounted. The laborer on his feet stands higher than the king on his knees.

Senator BOGY understood and appreciated such a sentiment. He

was eminently a self-made man; and such are the practical men of life. They have trodden the upward paths of life by the light of daily experience. No other cloud by day or pillar of fire by night as their guide. Missouri has had and still has many men of superior ability to Senator BOGY, of greater brilliance; men capable of greater thoughts, of greater conceptions, of closer reasoning powers, of more logical acumen; men more dashing, who would secure the outer works of an opponent before Senator BOGY would move his forces; but when all the qualities are measured that enter into the man, that form the man, those enduring elements which take a soldier to the inner works, with head erect and arm unstrung, then few indeed are found who surpassed him.

He could always be relied on, as a man, as a lawyer, as a politician, as a statesman. The mind alone does not make the man; if so, Bacon, whom the poet described as the wisest, meanest, basest of mankind, was a great man, in the full acceptation of that term, for his great mental powers were overshadowed by his great immoral qualities. A great man is not only great in his thoughts, but in all he does, in all his deeds, in all his actions, his mind being ever free from small conceptions and smaller executions, always seeking the elevation of society, of the state, of the country. Measured by this rule, Senator BOGY was no common man, and the longer we are removed from him the greater will be our appreciation of that fact. At the time of his death Senator BOGY was rapidly assuming an elevated position in the Senate. The slow hand of Time and Justice was removing without leaving a blemish or a stain the evil surmises that his enemies had scattered broadcast over the country. At the time he entered the Senate and to-day there is no man of repute who will say aught against the public or private character of LEWIS V. BOGY. His honesty and veracity stand as impervious to slan-

derous attacks to-day as his own cherished Iron Mountain stands unshaken by the morning breeze or the evening zephyr.

The cemeteries of Saint Louis contain many illustrious dead: Benton, the great Senator, Geyer, Bates, Paschall, Blair, Polk, Green, and BOGY, all sleep that long sleep in almost adjacent graves. Few graveyards contain so many distinguished dead. They were all great men, "immortal names that were not born to die." They have shed a halo of glory over the State of Missouri, and it is permissible for us from that State to bow around their graves with Christian love. Their memories are our idols, our household gods, cherished and loved, where we go they are taken, where we rest they are elevated. Such dead are an honor to any State, to any people. Missouri can point to them as her jewels as the mother of the Gracchi pointed to her sons as hers. May the brightest flowers of spring bloom perennially over their graves. "To-day," as has been beautifully said, "they are with the shadows. The race from which they sprung will never come again to this world. A wiser one may succeed to it, but never a purer, braver, stronger, and more patriotic." Great men's deeds should be incentives to be great men. The world is full of great men if the world only knew it. There is always a great leader for every great event, a Washington for every great revolution, a Clay for every great compromise. Great men have occupied seats in this House and the Senate and have died, and men equally as great do occupy their places, and the legislation moves on as of yore. It is well for us to mourn over our dead statesmen who have left us the rich heritage of liberty to preserve "safe against the tooth of time and razure of oblivion," and to perpetuate their memories in stainless marble and burnished brass; but at the same time we should remember that they had their faults—deep, broad, glaring faults—which should be avoided with

the same resolution that prompts us to imitate their virtues. Word paintings do not make the dead perfect or imperfect. Their acts and thoughts have made their characters. "As the tree falls so it must lie." These occasions should teach the living that the great lesson of life, after all, is so to live in this world that when we are called hence "into the dark valley, with its weird and solemn shadows," we go with an unfaltering step, with the response, *adsum*, glowing upon our lips, believing that death is but the beginning of a destiny good or evil, that we have created for ourselves in the years gone by. If the tree is corrupt so will be the fruit when the bloom is gone; if bright and beautiful, so will be the production.

Such men as BOGY and Morton are always missed when they die, always create a vacancy when they fall, as does the strong oak when removed from its native forest by the hand of the woodman. It takes time, much time to fill the place. How greatly has the Senate changed in the last four years. To study that change makes the hardest of us exclaim, "in the midst of life we are in death." How sadly, how eloquently Old Time's mutations are portrayed in this article, taken from one of the leading newspapers of the day:

TIME'S CHANGES IN THE SENATE.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

After an interregnum of seventeen years the Senate is now full. There have been great changes since the Senate met in December, 1860. The Government runs on and on, while the grave takes the governors. To the man familiar with the Senate of that day, the changes death has made in the body that itself never dies have a melancholy interest. Of those who were then Senators but two are Senators to-day: Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, and Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island. Notwithstanding the long term of the Senator who serves for six years and the tendency to re-elect, of the seventy-six Senators to-day but two were Senators less than three times six years ago. Pitt Fessenden was in the Senate then, grim, keen, commanding, but misanthropic, seeming to have a spite against mankind because of the bitter love-accident to his birth that sprung from the nature of mankind. Fessenden is dead. John P. Hale was there, brave, eloquent, witty, able to state his case with unsurpassed force and clearness. Hale is dead. Henry Wilson was there, politic, tireless, ambitious, making more of his native talents than almost any man in our history; and Wilson is dead. Sumner was there, the student of the Senate, the man who alone in the Senate was able to summon all history and all literature

to prove his point. Massive in his vanity, isolated in his tastes and life; and Sumner is dead. William Henry Seward was there, who had been for ten years the idol of a great following and was the statesman of his party in 1860. Seward is dead. Stephen A. Douglas was there, his democracy pure and simple, and, running through the warp and woof of his nature, his loyalty to the Union, so deep-seated that not even disappointed ambition, always a destroyer of the best things in men, could shake it. "I am ready to act with any party, with any individual of any party, who will come to this question with an eye single to the preservation of the Constitution and the Union," said Douglas, in those trying hours. Douglas is dead. Andrew Johnson was there, his voice of the bravest; and Andrew Johnson is gone. George E. Pugh was there, fresh from the laurels of Charleston, that shrill tenor tone ringing like a silvery bell through the Senate Chamber, clinging to the Union and to peace with tenacity, but to his belief with defiance. And that brilliant man sleeps. Jefferson Davis was there, saying, "If I could see any means by which I could avert the catastrophe of a struggle between the sections of the Union, my past life, I hope, gives evidence of the readiness with which I would make the effort. If, in the opinion of others, it be possible for me to do anything for the public good, the last moment while I stand here is at the command of the Senate. I will serve on the committee if the Senate choose." There were thirty-three States then. There were other shining names in the list of Senators. There were names less lustrous that take place in our history. R. M. T. Hunter, Mason of Virginia, Robert Toombs, John J. Crittenden, Jesse D. Bright, Ben. Wade, Lyman Trumbull, Yulee of Florida, Wigfall of Texas, Benjamin and Slidell, and the others, were then Senators. The graves have opened, and events have shifted the leaders. Five States have been added to the Union since that time; ten Senators have been added to the Senate of those *ante bellum* days. The Senate never dies, but how changed it is.

Are not these changes enough to make the living Senators of to-day wonder when death will make its next conscription? With these illustrious names there is one not mentioned, strange as it may seem—John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who was every inch a man and a Senator, and was "the glass of fashion and the mold of form" to the whole country. Who that has read his valedictory address, made January 4, 1859, upon the removal of the Senate from the old to the new Hall, can or will ever forget its lofty ideas and burning words? He, too, has gone to his rest, and sleeps in the great bosom of Kentucky, with Clay and with Crittenden, with Rowan and with Underwood:

> Immortal names,
> That were not born to die.

Whenever the living cease to remember their dead, a death greater than the mere decay of the human body will sooner or later

erase such a people from the map of the world. History, with its great iron pen, will, in few words, detail their rise, fall, and decay.

Our forefathers saw this, and left us, as one of their legacies, a reverence for the worthy dead. Cicero said "*Vita enim mortuorum in memoriam vivorum est posita.*" The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living; in other words, a virtuous people will always seek to perpetuate the memory of their virtuous dead. My sad task is over. Senator BOGY has closed his earthly career, and is in his grave awaiting the final summons. Calmly he slumbers beneath the soil of his native State, within the sound of the great city which gave him a home and a grave, and which with its half million of eager population, ever stands, night and day, a vigilant sentinel over the tomb of its honored Senator. Embowered in the peaceful shade of his own beautiful resting-place, through whose stricken boughs the fierce wintry winds are now chanting their requiem, the Senator, the patriot, the father, the husband, and friend sleeps that sleep that knows no earthly waking. As a Missourian who knew and loved him well, I say, farewell, a long farewell, to as kind a friend, to as true a man, to as noble a patriot as ever lived.

Lay him down gently at the iron door.

Mr. CRITTENDEN. I offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of Hon. LEWIS V. BOGY, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Missouri, this House do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously adopted; and accordingly (at five o'clock and fifteen minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

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